

Heart of Fire

by BlushingNinja

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Summary: A year after the events in 'Heart of Glass' Nishinoya goes to visit Asahi in Kyoto. Asahi sees this as an opportunity to give their relationship a second chance, while Nishinoya is still weary of opening up for fear of rejection.

1. Chapter 1

****Notes: ******So this is the second part of this series. I have such a soft spot for College AUs. So this will become an Mature fic in about seven chapters, so please bare with me until then. Thank you.**

* * *

><p>It had taken some time, all healing did. Whether a physical injury or one dealt to the heart, time healed all. At least that was what it felt like. It had been almost a year since Asahi had come back to him, all sad and forgiving and Nishinoya was still stunned he's accepted the apology. Not that he hadn't wanted to. It had just been his pride that had stood in the way of their relationship progressing further, but once he'd pushed that aside, everything had become easier.<p>

They still lived quite far apart but in the age of technology, phones and the internet, it made Asahi feel close even though he was so far. An early morning message before practice, goodnight photos before bed and suddenly the whole world seemed a little brighter, it was what Asahi did to him. In the few times they could actually meet, Nishinoya felt like nothing had changed. Beyond the crippling fear of his exams, slipping grades and adult responsibilities. But none of that matter when he was with Asahi, the man was like a tall drink of sunlight, all lanky limbs and soft smiles. Everything was better when he was around. Holidays and scattered weekends felt like a dream, the intense training camps they both worked hard in, surrounded by friends and team mates were amazing. It had all felt too good to be

true, and now he was off to do it all over again.

Standing on the chilly train platform, Nishinoya turned his collar up against the brisk breeze blowing through the station. It was a long day of travel before him and worst of all he hated trains. Hated being cramped in so very close to so many people for such a long time. But it was a necessary trial, especially with the reward of seeing Asahi on the line. Stepping back into the crowd as the train arrived, Nishinoya stuck his elbows out and pushed his way through for a seat. He was small enough to weasel his way through most large crowds and as such was successful in finding a seat and claiming it. Bunkering down for the long journey, he put on his headphones and sighed. Listening to the gentle hum of music sooth his unsettled nerves as he thought over his plans.

A week in Kyoto with Asahi, a week with Asahi and only Asahi. It would be the longest he'd have spent with the other boy in sometime, at least until since they'd been in high school together. It was exciting and made his stomach jump. Asahi was still Asahi, regardless of the distance, and change in status, he still loved him. Still loved him madly. Their friendship had grown in the last couple of months, much closer and quicker than Nishinoya had expected. Falling back into love with the giant was easy, Asahi was easy to love. But he wasn't sure his worries and fears had been completely unwarranted. With the end of his schooling arriving so soon, things had changed again. Changed much quicker than he'd expected and in a small moment of clarity, he'd understood Asahi's actions the previous year. Why he'd been so scared about committing to a situation and a relationship he was so unsure of when his own life was in scrambles. Shaking his head, Nishinoya leant against the window, pressing his nose against the glass and watching the landscape pass by.

Thinking back to one of their last meetings Nishinoya felt his face flush. They'd almost kissed, almost. He remembered the chill of the night and the warmth of Asahi's arm around his shoulders. The gentle rasp of his beard on his cheek as he'd leant in for a kiss. But it hadn't happened, instead Nishinoya had lost his nerve and ruined the moment. He'd lain awake at night for hours at a time, thinking of what would have happened if he'd let Asahi kiss him, if things had gone differently and they'd started a new relationship together, without the fear of rejection. Squeezing his eyes shut as a shiver of anxiety ran through him, Nishinoya knew he couldn't focus on the past, things were happening now and that was all that was important.

The time flew by, the evening slowly darkened outside the train windows as the flat lands worked up into towns and eventually cities. Nishinoya had been to cities before, places like Tokyo was where they'd won their finals the year previous and while Kyoto was something entirely different, it would surely feel the same. But the whole lay out of the city was different, less urban with more trees and the shadow of low laying mountains in the distances. Hoping off the train in a flurry of people and lights, Nishinoya's mind raced. It was much easier when the whole team was there, with tall people acting as look outs and the few who knew their way around leading the team out and into the open air. In a dizzying moment of worry, Nishinoya followed the crowds of people up and out of the underground system to the upstairs open area, surrounded by stores and a food court. Slinking his way out a large group, the small Libero ducked into a Lawson's, taking a moment to catch his breath.

Asahi had said he'd be waiting for him at the platform, but Nishinoya had struggled to spot the tall boy among the masses. Even if he had been at the station, he doubted he'd have been able to spot him. Straightening his bag and walking down the isles of the store, Nishinoya took his time to look around, settling his racing heart and trembling hands. Big, loud cities with lots of people were most definitely not his thing, especially without someone having his back. Picking up some chicken bites and two Gari Gari-kun, he paid and settled down on the bench in the front window facing out onto the station. Munching his spicy chicken dinner and slurping at his icy pole, Nishinoya tapped at his phone, sending a message through to Asahi with his location. Licking his fingers, the ace sat back, awaiting his friend's arrival and finishing his favourite treat with relish.

The buzzing in his pocket caused him to jolt. Patting himself down Asahi located his phone in his coat. Stepping away from the platform, he read quickly through the message with a sinking feeling in his stomach. Groaning out loud, he dashed up the near by stairs, reading the overhead signs as he went. Nishinoya's train was supposed to be arriving at platform six and yet Nishinoya was already in the food court, he'd either missed the train by a half an hour or had mixed up the platforms. Putting his head down and waiting for the crowd of people to shuffle on, Asahi chewed his lip in worry. He'd planned this down to the very minute and yet he'd already messed it up. If Nishinoya's previous adventures into the city were any indication, the small man would be far out his comfort zone with all the people and noise.

Groaning again as the crowd ground to a halt around him, Asahi rolled his head back to stare at the low laying ceiling with sick lunge of his stomach. This week had to be perfect. For the last couple of days he'd worked himself into a fit of worry and fatigue thinking about Nishinoya and what chances they had for the future. It was silly of course, he tried reminding himself again and again that it was just for the week and it wasn't some make or break situation. If things didn't play out positively, they could try again, it was what had saved them over the last year. But he couldn't let any small mistakes ruin the chance they had at starting again.

Letting out a heavy breath as the crowd started moving forward, Asahi set his jaw in a practice smile. This would be the week he could win Nishinoya back, this was his time to prove to the Libero that they should be together, regardless of the distance. Their last meeting had been a little awkward but hopefully this trip hoped to set things straight. Rounding the corner, Asahi zoned in on the window shop front of the Lawson's in the centre of the food court.

Nishinoya's hair was distinct, tall and bright against the harsh artificial light of the underground eatery. Walking up to the convenience store, his fake, practice smile replaced with a real smile of joy and excitement. Nishinoya noticed him immediately, jumping out of his seat, racing out and into the busy court.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't there when you arrived, I mixed up the platforms. You okay?" Puffing out his chest and grinning, Nishinoya offered him an icy pole.

"I'm fine, a city explorer they should call me. I wonder if I can get

that on a shirt." Taking the Gari Gari-kun, Asahi smiled lovingly.

"With your sources, probably. Have you eaten dinner? Or do you want to get something here?" Waving him off, Nishinoya looked around wildly, trying to pin point an exit as the sugar and carbohydrates hyped up his system.

"Already eaten, it's all good. Where's the way out? I'm not a fan of this concrete sky." Resisting the urge to put a hand on Nishinoya's almost bouncing head to still him, Asahi pointed towards a staircase, leading upwards.

"Just through there, we have to catch another train though. Sorry." Nodding, Nishinoya pushed his way towards the exit, Asahi followed the path he made with his elbows and rough grunts.

"So how was your trip?" Once out of the subway and onto their small metropolitan train heading out beyond the city centre, Asahi had a quiet moment to talk with his fidgeting friend.

"Good, quick. Quicker than I expected." Face against the glass of the window, Nishinoya cocked his head to the side, straining his eyes to stare out at the brightly lit night. Sitting back against the uncomfortable train seat, Asahi stretched around, his arm resting on the seat behind him.

"It is, isn't it? So no need to feel bad for forcing me to come up there on the weekends." Grinning as he sat around properly in his seat, Nishinoya punched his arm lightly.

"If I knew it'd be that quick I would have forced you to come up more often." Unable to keep the smile from his face, Asahi played into the tease.

"I would have been very willing to come visit you more often." He paused, shyly looking back down the train and avoiding Nishinoya's eye. "And I would have come every weekend if you wanted me to." Nudging his shoulder against Asahi's board chest, Nishinoya could help the satisfied look that crossed his features.

"I would have been very willing to have you every weekend." Blushing at his flirtatious tone, Asahi watched the stations fly by as his college stop approached.

"We're getting off here." Not giving up on his teasing smile, Nishinoya followed Asahi off the train, from the platform and down onto the street.

"It's not far from the college." He was babbling, he could hear himself doing it, but couldn't stop. Running a hand through his hair, Asahi clearing his throat, watching Nishinoya's wide eyes as they walked through the busy streets. "Are you warming enough? Your coat looks kind of thin." Hunching his shoulders against the chilly open air, Nishinoya was inclined to agree.

"It is. But it's Kyoto, I thought it'd be warmer." It usually was but the cold snap had caught them out this year, with the seasonal change coming in quicker than anyone had expected.

Forced to walk shoulder to shoulder as those coming the opposite up the street pinned them closer, Nishinoya leant subconsciously into Asahi's thick, warm coat.

"Lend me your pocket?" Confused, Asahi's tilted his head to the side, shouldering off his coat, he offered it to the small boy. Shaking his head, Nishinoya pushed it back at him, slipping his hand into one of the coat pockets as he did. The small ace was forced to walk side by side his lanky friend with stiff step. Slowly their pace awkwardly, Asahi felt his ears burn hot as his hand meet the cold skin of Nishinoya's fist deep within his pocket.

"Your hands are so warm, you're usually so cold." The tiny hand beside his, wrapped around palm in a small fist. Threading his digits through Asahi's long, slender fingers, Nishinoya fumbled with the strange angle of his arm. Their height was making things difficult, but the smaller boy would not let that spoil the moment. Warm against the chill of the evening, Nishinoya could help but look up into Asahi's blushing features. "Thank you for sharing." Laughing nervously, the giant shrugged, looking away and up the street, trying in vain to ignore the grin Nishinoya was throwing him. Small fingers soon started stroking up and down his palm, Nishinoya rotating little circles with his thumb against Asahi's wrist, making the tall man shiver.

Swallowing thickly, Asahi almost missed their turn off, gesturing before them to the large inner city campus.

"My college, and the dorms." Eyes wide Nishinoya stared the huge estate up and down, grinning wildly.

"I can't wait to see the rest of it."

2. Chapter 2

The white wash walls were reminiscence of a hotel, coupled with the plain, sterile feel of a hospital. Walking from the cold chill of the outdoors, the brightly lit foyer was warm and welcoming. Beyond the foyer a loud dinning hall was blustering with activity. Ushering Nishinoya up the near by stairs, Asahi looked over his shoulder and back down at the dinning hall.

"We're not really supposed to have guests." Cracking up in a fit of giggles, Nishinoya raised an eyebrow at him.

"You're breaking the rules for me? How adult life has changed you." Rolling his eyes as they paced onwards up the stairs, Asahi nodded to some students coming down the opposite way and entered through an open door of the fourth floor.

"Fourth floor, number six zero one. In case you get lost at all." Following the tall boy down the hall, Nishinoya tried to count the number of doors between the bathroom and the door Asahi stopped at. "You need a card to get everywhere, like even to go to the bathroom."

"So what you're saying is, we can't ever be apart?" Scanning his card, and opening the door Asahi shrugged.

"I suppose."

Taking off his shoes, Nishinoya took in his surroundings. The studio apartment was tiny, smaller than his room at home and impossibly small for only one person.

"How do you live here?" Squeezing himself past Asahi as he dashed to the tiny window, Nishinoya looked down onto the street below. "It's tiny."

Sitting back in the compact office chair in front of the desk, Asahi swung himself around slowly.

"You get used to it. I kind of hate it. It's why I love coming home on the weekends." Flopping down on the bed Nishinoya rolled around on the hard single bed, fluffing the blankets and covers as he did.

"I don't think I could live here. Is it loud?" He asked, listening to a flurry of footsteps crashing down overhead as the upstairs neighbours ran around. Leaning back in his chair, Asahi glanced at Nishinoya out of the corner of his eye. The small ace looked good all spread out on his bed, his hair tussled from his roll around, with the black of his shirt looking right at home atop his home made quilt.

"It can be. Tuesday and Saturday nights are the worst. When people go out to the clubs. Tuesday garbage day and the trucks are so loud outside."

Struggling to sit up and shedding his coat, Nishinoya flopped over on his belly, pushing his face into the pillow. It smelt like Asahi's shampoo and the neutral scent of the whole building.

"At least you have a TV." Grinning at Nishinoya's priorities, the tall boy leant back further in his chair, putting his feet up on the bed. His hand still felt warm where Nishinoya had held it. Usually his hands were cold and a little achy from his years on the court. But now they just felt soft and warm. Clasping his hands before him, Asahi couldn't keep a straight face, watching the small lib patrol his new surroundings. Kneeling down to check inside a cupboard, fiddling with the taps at the sink, he opened the fridge twice before returning to the bed and snuggling under the quilt.

"So because we're not really allowed to have guests over, we have two options." Stretching against the mattress, Nishinoya craned his head to the side.

"Oh?" Nodding Asahi sat his feet flat on the ground.

"Yeah, so we can either go to the RA and rent a futon for the time you're here." Sticking his tongue out, Nishinoya thought about his minimal savings and budget for this trip.

"Pass."

"Or we can just share the bed." Laying flat on his back, Nishinoya stared up at the plain, white wash ceiling. Smiling at the other boy over his shoulder, Nishinoya caught Asahi's dark gaze and stared him down.

"We'll share the bed."

Feeling the water trickling down over his skin, Asahi forced his hand to the tap. Turning hard, the water came to a drizzling halt. Catching a quick shower before bed was somewhat of a challenge, but Asahi always seemed to manage a spare cubicle. He would be lying if he said it had nothing to do with his size. The other boys tended to stay away when they saw him entering the bathroom. The cubicle walls weren't really tall enough to keep him out, not that he ever looked. Squeezing out his hair, Asahi stepped out of the shower, feet hitting the uncomfortable foam mat with a gentle thud. Towelling down his body and wrapping up his hair, the tall boy took his time drying off.

He was getting himself all worked up for nothing. It was just sharing a bed, there wasn't anything more than that. It wasn't a big thing. So why did it feel like that? Nishinoya had immediately claimed the bed as his space as Asahi had prepared for sleep and organised some activities for the next day. He'd looked so at home, all snuggled up and drowsy in his quilt. Even if it was just sharing, they would be close, close enough that Asahi could touch him and feel him. So close after so many months of being alone.

Shaking his head as water dripped down his back, he slipped on his boxers and singlet. Hopefully the heaters would be on by the time he got back to his room. Otherwise it'd be chilly night. Except that he had Nishinoya's body heat now and he was a natural furnace. A happy little shiver ran down his spine as he exited the bathroom and almost skipped his way back to his room. Scanning his card he ducked quickly inside as a group of students rounded the corner, chatting loudly.

"People are so loud here, I hate it." The room was hot, the heater pumping at full volume had caused the windows to fog and the chill of the shower to immediately dissipate.

"It's because it's the weekend, the weekdays are usually quieter, you'll see." Humming as he shuffled across the bed, Nishinoya moved closer to the wall, opening up some extra space for Asahi.

"It's annoying, at least the country is quiet." Tossing the towel in the laundry hamper, Asahi fiddling his phone, putting off hopping into bed until the last moment.

Opening up the bedsheets, Nishinoya offered him a half of the bed. Switching off the light beside the bed, Asahi felt his face blush as he noticed Nishinoya's shirtless state.

"Sorry if my feet are cold." Snorting at him, Nishinoya kicked his feet out against Asahi's as he slipped under the covers. The room was so warm, the small oil heater attached to the corner of the room was pouring heat into the room at an alarming rate. Some nights Asahi wished he could turn it off, or at least down. But they were controlled by the central office downstairs. And it was always cold downstairs, heat rose and as it did the higher levels got uncomfortably hotter. Opening windows was the only solution, but tonight's cold air was simply too much for that.

Rolling up against the wall, his nose almost touching plaster as Asahi's shoulders touched his, Nishinoya huddled in closer. Hugging

the wall to avoid taking up too much space.

"There's plenty of space, just relax. Sorry my shoulders are so big." Laughing, Nishinoya shimmed back a little, breathing easy as he went limp against the bed.

"I like your shoulders, don't apologise for them." Pleased by the compliment, Asahi stretched out along the sheets, the dip in the mattress kept drawing him closer, bringing him ever nearer to Nishinoya's back with every breath. Frowning, Asahi twisted his spine, rolling over putting his back to Nishinoya in case they should both fall into the dip throughout the night. Waking up nose to nose would be mortifying, or would it be?

This was their chance to change everything. To take that extra step towards starting a real relationship together. The one they should have started last night but didn't. It had taken such a long time to get to this point, and he couldn't let anything happen to jeopardise that. Closing his eyes and trying to force himself to sleep, Asahi took a heavy breath feeling Nishinoya squirm behind him. They could make this work.

Unless they couldn't. Nishinoya had forgiven him up to his point, but what if he couldn't open his heart any further? What if Asahi had lost his trust for good? Lost his smile and energy forever. Even having him here in his tiny, dim little room had made his life just a little bit brighter. What would he do if Nishinoya left and he was alone? No weekends to look forward to, no Nishinoya to greet him online or at the station which he stepped off the train on Friday afternoons. Sniffing as his nose began to run in the heat and his eye stung with un-fallen tears, Asahi could feel himself shaking. He couldn't mess this up. This was one of the most important things he was facing in his adult life, and he was bound to mess it up.

"You're thinking too loud." Stiffening against the bed as Nishinoya's word broke the silence of the quiet room, the tall boy froze. Coughing to cover his quiet sob, Asahi stuttered over his words, mumbling some incoherent ramble of noise. "Shush, go to sleep." The dip in the bed suddenly vanished as Nishinoya shuffled closer, snaking his arm out and over Asahi's lean hips. Letting his hand drop limply over the giant's torso, Nishinoya rubbed his nose against Asahi's back, nuzzling into his warmth and wiping his nose at the same time.

Blushing as Nishinoya spooned behind him gently, Asahi relaxed back against the solid weight of the boy behind him. The arm around his middle tightened slightly as Nishinoya snorted, his quiet snoring signalling his easy descent into sleep. Following suite, Asahi lay back content, his mind at ease as Nishinoya's quiet snores lulled him to sleep.

They would be fine.

3. Chapter 3

****Note:** Episode Ten already! Only Fifteen episodes to go. Hopefully we'll get a season two for 2015. Sports anime is the very 'in thing' at the moment, KNB just got their season three announced officially

last week and there was much rejoicing. So lets keep fingers crossed.**

Much thanks.

* * *

><p>Morning came with a quiet sleep in and a loud thump from out in the hall. Jolting almost upright, Nishinoya contained his mild panic attack at his unfamiliar surroundings. It was okay, he was with Asahi, in Asahi's dorm in Kyoto. The annoying people outside were making all the noise and waking him up from his gentle dreaming. Settling back down onto the pillow, Nishinoya smiled at Asahi's sleeping features. He could sleep through anything, and living around all these peoples had just strengthened his reliance. Closing his eyes as sleep drifted back across his concious, Nishinoya raised his foot and placed it gently over Asahi's thigh, desiring the closeness but feeling his friend jerk into wakefulness at the action. Keeping his eyes closed as Asahi snorted awake, Nishinoya managed to hide his grin as the giant woke.<p>

He was so close. Blinking awake, the tall ace could barely muffle his quick inhale of shock. Nishinoya had had his own pillow then they'd gone to sleep the night before, but now his face was only inches from his, sharing the same pillow. Nose to nose, he could see the grown out blonde of Nishinoya's hair, the soft, gentle slope of his nose and the plump bottom of his lip, pink and damp. Embarrassed he tried to pull away, his body ultimately betraying him as his became aware of his shorts becoming uncomfortably tight. He was too close, close enough to make him hard. Watching the soft rise and fall of Nishinoya's chest, he matched his breathing, trying to settle his racing heart. It was a precious moment that he could indulge in this. With Nishinoya having guarded his heart so fiercely for the last year it had been hard getting the boy to open up enough for them to share a closeness like this together. Usually they spent their time in training and study. Amazingly over the last year Nishinoya had actually upped his study and time spent in the classroom. He'd graduated with a surprisingly successful average and both his parents and Asahi had congratulated him, beaming with pride. He'd almost missed the graduation ceremony, his train had been annoying late and he'd nearly chewed his fingers to the bone for fear of missing it. But he'd made it, just in time, with a little help from Nishinoya's father who'd picked him up from the station and raced them back to the school.

Watching Nishinoya smiled and shake the principle's hand with the scowling vice principle looking on had made his year. Later back at Nishinoya's family home, they had shared a warm and happy dinner, his relatives surrounding the small graduate with hugs and smiles. As the night drew on the pair came to sit on the roof together, the cold autumn air blowing around them as they drunk hot chocolate milk and sugary Western cookies. The flat roof of Nishinoya's house was perfect for night time star gazing, they'd spent many a night up there before, happily chattering and fooling around until the early hours of the morning, or until they were told to come back inside.

Wrapped in a tight little blanket, they'd sat side by side, watching the waxing autumn moon hanging low in the sky.

"I'm so proud of you." Blowing a raspberry, Nishinoya had munched down his cookie in quick, snappy bites.

"What are you? My mother." Laughing Asahi dipped his chocolate coated biscuit in the steaming milk, thinking over his words.

"Well no, but that doesn't mean I still can't be proud of you. You did so well." Licking his fingers to finish off the few remaining crumbs, Nishinoya hummed happily.

"Thanks anyway. I didn't think I'd do it really." Neither did I. Asahi thought but kept to himself. There was a points there he'd expected the young lib to up and quit before the year's end, but he'd stuck to it and was being rewarded for it. "I can do stuff now, like for real. Work at the shop for a couple of years, move on somewhere. Get a house." Leaning back into the warmth of the blanket about his shoulders, Nishinoya smiled impossibly wider. "And see you more of course. If I can." Cheeks warm in the evening air, Asahi wrapped his hands around the warm mug, keeping it close to his chest to warm his core.

"Maybe you can move down to Kyoto. I know you'd like it. There's some great volleyball teams there. And it's not too busy, we could easily find a place to live. There are heaps of little apartments that are just perfect for two people, some of the people at college have them." Falling silent as Nishinoya nodded, Asahi watched his eyes glaze over. He was either bored or scared, but with the small boy it was hard to tell.

Placing his mug aside, his hands shaking slightly as he reached out and touched Nishinoya's face, Asahi leant down to prompt Nishinoya to meet his half way. His cheek was cold, the wind must have been colder that side of the roof. The sharp golden brown of Nishinoya's iris' gleamed in the moonlight as his eyes widened. They hadn't kissed again since that one ill fated night after the finals, but tonight felt right. Tonight felt like the time they could move forward and try again. His fingers touched under Nishinoya's chin, bringing his lips level with his own, drawing closer and closer.

"No."

Inhaling sharply, Asahi let his hand drop away and back into his lap. Coughing as he pulled away Nishinoya straightened the blanket around his shoulders, watching Asahi on the edge of tears. If he wasn't careful the gentle giant might go lopping off the roof in a fit of sorrow and humiliation.

"I've never been to Kyoto, I don't know if I'd like it." He could feel Asahi tensing beside him, the stiffness in his shoulders tightened as he went on. "But I'd like to, maybe I can visit sometime? Like soon, before I have to start work with coach."

Asahi's heart jumped, his head swimming with terror and hope.

"Yeah sure. I mean I have college over the winter, but you can still come down. Stay on campus and see how the city kids live." Laughing at his tease lightly, Nishinoya stared up at the night sky, avoiding Asahi's sad, wet eyes. "I'd like to see your new life."

Taking a deep breath, Asahi opened his eyes as he came out of his reminiscing. A small noise escaped his lips as Nishinoya's wide brown eyes met his in a sleepy, but wakeful state. Grinning Nishinoya licked his dry lips, the heat from the room making his mouth dry and his eyes itchy.

"Um, breakfast?" Smiling at his sleepy, little whisper, Asahi smiled back.

"I can get some downstairs." His voice was rumbling and deepened with sleep, coughing he tried again. "There's big lines down at the breakfast hall for cereal, rice and tea." Fluffing his hair out of his eyes, Nishinoya stretched out in his limited space.

"Sounds like too much effort." Grinning Asahi couldn't resist as Nishinoya's crown of bleached hair fell back into his eyes for a second time. Shakily reaching out, his large hands brushed the fluffy crest from his face. His fingers wanted to linger in Nishinoya's hair, but Asahi pulled his hand away quickly, his fears of pushing Nishinoya away too great of a worry.

"You're so cute." Hiding his blushing cheeks in their shared pillow with a muffled sound of distress, Asahi caught Nishinoya's teasing gaze with quiet satisfaction. "Good morning."

The breakfast lines were always long and since Nishinoya was the guest Asahi forced himself up and out of bed. Pinning his hair back loosely, he put on his slippers and dashed downstairs with the promise of returning with food. Wiggling around in bed for a time, Nishinoya kicked his legs aimlessly, watching the sheets flutter up and down as he waited for Asahi to return. He'd slept better than he'd expected, all cuddled up to the sleeping giant. The bed was still hard though and the pillows were flat, but he'd been there with Asahi and that had been the important thing.

Jumping out of bed with purpose, Nishinoya stretched up on his tippy toes, running through his morning routine, mindful of his limited space. Doing his stretches in front of the mirror behind the door, the lib watched himself with a giggle, his hair was flat and deflated from sleep and his lips were cracking. Finishing with a half dive, he jumped in front of the sink, splashing water on his face and cleaning his eyes. Feeling fresh and awake, the small boy skipped back to the desk, tackling the office chair and spinning around wildly. Coming out of his third spin around the room, Nishinoya slowed down, looking at the desk with a new interest. Asahi had stuck various photos upon the desk's built in back pin board. His family, the volleyball team, a more recent picture of Suga and Daichi, photos of different shapes and sizes were littered across the board, broken up only by several calender reminders and a ticket to a music festival. Looking over each one with his heart in his throat, Nishinoya smiled as his eyes were drawn time and time again back to a photo at the centre of the board.

There wasn't anything different about the size or the quality of the paper, if anything it may have been one of the smaller photos on there. But it was caught his attention all the same, probably because he was intention subject. It had been taken after one of their semi final wins, his hair was all over the place, cheeks red and fist high in the air, Yachi had snapped it just at the right time. It caught not only his smile, but the pure energy of their win. It was a great

photo, one his mother had personal stuck on their fridge at home and sent off to all his relatives and Asahi apparently had a copy. A copy that he liked enough to pin beside his family and close friends, the people he loved and missed.

Sitting back with a grin of satisfaction, Nishinoya couldn't hold back the shiver of excitement that ran through him. Pleased and a little nervous all at the same time, he jumped at least a foot in the air as a loud knock resounded from the door.

"Can you please open up? My hands are a little full." Dashing to the door and to Asahi's rescue, Nishinoya bowed dramatically as he entered.

"And the noble hunter returns, arms burdened with prey." Laughing humourlessly, Asahi placed his load tray of cereal down on the desk, shaking his hands out as they cramped.

"It's always so crazy down there, I remember why I stopped eating breakfast." Ducking under his arm and snagging a bowl of chocolate coated sugar puffs, Nishinoya took a seat on the bed, careful not to spill the milk.

"That's not healthy you know, coach says you should always eat your breakfast." Sitting at the desk, spoon hovering over his bowl, Asahi pulled a sour face.

"He can't talk, a cigarette can not be considered a proper breakfast." Shrugging as he swallowed down a massive mouthful, Nishinoya was inclined to agree.

"No, but a cigarette and Redbull can be." Sticking his tongue out in disgust, Asahi focused on his own breakfast, thankful lacking nicotine and caffeine.

"So what do you want to do today." Humming as he licked his spoon clean and dropped it on the bed, Nishinoya slurped down the remaining milk stained with chocolate at the bottom of his bowl.

"Tourist things, temples, towers, food. Oh I want to see the monkeys at the park and get a picture at the tower. Those are my main two things. I'm not phased about the temples." Picking Nishinoya's discarded bowl and spoon, Asahi nodded.

"That's fine, I've only been to two temples here anyway. The monkeys are at one of the one, so that works in well. The tower is pretty central so we can go to Nishiki Market from there." Ticking off everything mental, the tall boy smiled happily. "Well should be able to do everything easily."

"Yes!" Jumping off the bed and rummaging through his backpack, Nishinoya pulled out a clean shirt and dressed quickly. "I'll leave playing tour guide to you today." Laughing at his T-shirt's slogan, Asahi nodded, pleased to see the younger boy so eager and happy.

"Not a problem."

****Notes:** Lines! Clubbing is all about lines. Lines for entry, lines for drinks, lines for the bathroom and and lines for the ATM. Clubbing is nowhere near what it's cracked up to be. (Says I as I sit at home writing fanfiction and cuddling my cats) But for fiction sake lets say it is. Much thanks, enjoy.**

* * *

><p>Asahi's feet hurt and he might have been a little sunburnt, but it had all been worth it, just to see Nishinoya smile. He'd been smiling the entire time in fact, his happy grin prominent in every photo they'd taken since leaving the dorm. Scanning his card and staggering through the door, Asahi couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this exhausted. His current volleyball team never trained as hard as Karasuno had and this had been his first taste of hard work in a long time. Almost a year he thought sourly, collapsing face first on the bed as Nishinoya zipped passed him and claimed the chair.<p>

"I got some great shots." Flipping through his phone with a speed unrivalled by any, Nishinoya laughed out loud, pointing to an image on screen. "Those monkeys were so cool. They just gave zero fucks, that's awesome. I have to send this one to Ryu, it kind of looks like him." Snorting into his quilt as he listened to Nishinoya's babbling, Asahi kicked off his shoes and curled up on the bed. "You tired?" Nishinoya had moved so silently across the room, Asahi jumped as he opened his eyes and saw him so close and kneeling beside his bed.

"A little" he admitted, embarrassed by his body's lack of endurance. Grinning Nishinoya flicked his forehead, apparently not tired in the least.

"You're getting old." Groaning, Asahi pushed him away, rolled towards the wall with a grunt.

"I am not. I'm just not as keyed in to the whole fitness thing any more. I don't really have the time." Blowing a raspberry at him, Nishinoya continued flicking through his phone, pacing up and down the small room as he did.

"Excuses excuses. You have a sick as gym downstairs. What I wouldn't give to use a real gym like that." Flexing his arms, the small boy pouted. "I could pump so much iron, imagine my guns. Imagine them Asahi." Laughing as he was shaken lightly by the theatrical Nishinoya, Asahi smiled at him over his shoulder.

"It's a little hard to imagine in truth." Growling at him, Nishinoya brushed off his tease.

"They would be hard as, you're just jealous." Stepping back awkwardly, the small boy suddenly fell quiet. Concerned Asahi sat up, watching him closely.

"I'd be super jealous" he said, trying to gauge the other boy's mood without spooking him. "I'm already jealous you can out last me on a simple tourist walk." Beaming happily, Nishinoya ran a hand through his hair.

"And so you should be." He paused, that quiet look passing over his

face again. "I was just wondering, I mean I don't want to get you in trouble or anything, but can I use the showers?"

His racing heart settled for a moment as Asahi thought over his request. Thankfully there was no grand mystery to Nishinoya's sudden mood swing, he was simply worried about getting in trouble. Or more specifically getting Asahi in trouble.

"Of course, that's fine. Just take my card. Do you need a towel? I didn't see one in your bag." Letting out a heavy breath, Nishinoya nodded eagerly.

"Yes please, any soap? I packed my toothbrush and that was it. Not even toothpaste." Sorting through his clean laundry Asahi smiled, it sounded like a very Nishinoya thing to do.

"Not a problem. Towel and soap and take your time." Glancing at the clock he assessed the time. "There should be some stalls free, but it starts getting busy around six, so get going now." Piling his arms up with towels, soap and a key card, Nishinoya cocked his head to the side.

"Why? What happens at six?" Laying back on his bed, Asahi sighed.

"Just people getting ready to go out for the night. Saturday night is the big club night. All I can say is prepared to be woken up at least six separate times during the night and morning. One of the girls down the hall can never remember her room number and knocks of everyone's door trying to find it."

Pulling a face as he opened the door and inched his way out, Nishinoya shook his head.

"I am not looking forward to that." Setting his hands behind his head with a quiet sigh of agreement, Asahi closed his eyes.

"Be thankful you only have to deal with it once and not weekly."

The soft and careful click of the card scanner woke Asahi from his slumbers. He'd only meant to rest his eyes, but apparently the trek around Kyoto had been more draining than he'd expected. Slipping through the door, towel around his shoulders and hair flat and damp, Nishinoya was grinning.

"I" he said, sitting down on the bedside Asahi, "made some new friends." Smiling Asahi resisted the urge to push the smaller boy off the bed as he flicked his wet hair at him, spraying him with tiny water droplets and mist.

"Did you really?" He should have known keeping a low profile would have been hard for the younger man, but had it really only taken a day? He was supposed to be here for the entire week.

"Yup." Towelling off his hair, Nishinoya flicked on the overhead light, sorting through his bag for a fresh set of clothes. "Have you ever been out before? Like clubbing?" Stretching his arms up high over his head until his knuckles brushed the headboard, Asahi shrugged.

"Kind of. The first week they had a couple of big nights where the RA's shouted the first years some rounds at the bar around the corner." But that was as close as he'd gotten. There weren't any clubs around Miyagi, the first time he'd ever drunk a beer was at Ukai's bidding and request. He'd never been a fan of the low ceilinged dance clubs, they just seemed too close, too intense and of course he stood out immediately. Plus he hated dancing, but he couldn't tell Nishinoya that. There were just something you couldn't admit to someone you were still trying to impress, even after four years.

Pulling on a clear shirt, Nishinoya settled down in front of the long mirror behind the door, fiddling with his hair.

"Well, do you want to go out tonight? These guys I was talking to, they invited me out to come club down town. Apparently it's where all the freshman go because they get cheap drinks. Do you have a student card?" Asahi did, but he never expected it to be used in such a manner.

"I do, I suppose we could go out." He hadn't meant to sound so worried, but by Nishinoya's quick reaction it must have been more prominent than he'd expected.

"I mean we don't have to. I'm happy enough to just stay in for the evening. We can get some udon and watch bad TV. You have cable here right?" Shaking his head, Asahi sat up flexing his legs and he stood.

"No it's fine, I don't want to lock you away in here all week. It's your vacation, we can do whatever you like." His face lit up in the brightest of smiles, reflecting them back at Asahi in the mirror, fluffing up his hair, adding height and depth with a handful of gel.

"I'll shout you then, just make sure you bring your student card. Two for one drinks sounds pretty good to me."

Joining Nishinoya's new friend's in hall later that evening, Asahi felt his anxiety levels rising even before they'd left the dorms. The other guys were nice enough, accompanied by a pair of girls they were friendly in their introductions but obviously eager to leave. He would have been lying if he'd said he wasn't a little jealous. Nishinoya had such a way with people, they came to him, flocked to him like moths to a flame. It'd taken him an hour to make more headway with his fellow dorm mates than he'd made in almost a year. People were scared of him, whispers he'd picked up as he passed were never friendly or positive, someone had even once threatened to call the cops, for no reason other than his presence.

That had been hard, the only comfort had been a rushed phone call to Nishinoya. He hadn't directly admitted what had happened, but the small boy picked up on his depressed tone immediately and had broken in to a long winded story about how Hinata and Kageyama merging well into their roles as senpais and how Tsukishima was struggling as Captain. Asahi hadn't wanted to hang up, instead he'd laid down on his bed, curled into a ball listening to the sound of Nishinoya's voice until the early hours of the morning. He'd felt better than he had in months and while the looks and whispered continued the next day, it didn't seem all that bad any more.

He loved that about Nishinoya, his smile and his cheerful, boisterous personal that people liked and enjoyed to be around. It was easy to laugh and have fun with the small man, and people enjoyed his company all the more for it. Asahi knew he did.

The chill of winter was again linger as they exited the dorms, walking down the street in a rowdy little group, then seemingly merging into a bigger group as they left down the road. Nishinoya was the centre of attention, chatting left, right and centre to a bunch of people on varying different topics. He looked like he was having fun. Nestling his chin down deeper into his coat, Asahi smiled, if Nishinoya had been given the possibility to study here, he would have blossomed. Giving him enough independence to straight out some of his childish nature, while improving his already generous social skills perfectly. Jamming his hands in his pockets as they began to numb, Asahi almost walked into the back of the girl in front of him as the group stopped for a traffic light.

"Is it always this busy?" In the lull of their walk, Nishinoya had slipped through the crowd and made his way to the back, snuggling in close to a silent Asahi.

"Sometimes." The classes were at a plateau period, with no to little assignments due and leaving the students with their weekend's primarily free. "Depends on the day."

"You okay?" Elbowing him gently in the stomach, Nishinoya made him jump a little. Smiling reassuringly at him, Asahi pushed forward with the crowd.

"I'm fine, a little cold but fine." Looping arm around the tall man's slender waist with a casual sling, Nishinoya snuggled in closer as they walked on.

"It should be warm at the bar. Thank you for coming out with me." Leaning into the security of the limb wrapped around his middle, Asahi shrugged.

"It's fine, it should be fun."

Smiling up at him, Nishinoya squeezed gently around his tummy, fingers tickling through the thick layers of his coat. Chuckling as they turned the corner and lined up along the street, Asahi put his back to the wall on street, feeling Nishinoya slip away. Keeping close the small man stepped up on his toes trying to vain to judge the distant of the line ahead of them.

"Soon." Frowning up at him, Nishinoya shook his head with a quiet, melodramatic sigh.

"I'll trust your word for it, oh timid titan."

The club was exactly what he was expecting, loud and closed it. Bowing his head as they entered, the pumping music they'd heard from the street intensified in volume and vibration. Nishinoya's eyes widened as they crossed the dance floor, it was the first time he'd seen a bar like this, an actual dance club. Not the small inns and pubs Ukai had shouted them to in the past. It was nice, loud and crowded with people with noise coming from all angles. His eyes

adjusted to the dark, multicoloured lights with minimal ease, and thankfully Asahi's height made him easy to find as he stood out heads above the rest.

"You want a drink?"

Frowning, Asahi leant down, bringing his ears close to Nishinoya's mouth. He could see the boy talking but with the loud music and constant chatter he had misheard everything. Pressing his lips to Asahi's ear, Nishinoya repeated his question loudly.

"Do you want to get a drink?" Feeling blond, the small ma flicked his tongue out as he finished his question, licking down the shell of Asahi's ear. Feeling him jump with a satisfied grin, Nishinoya pulled his wallet out, passing him some notes. "I can't actually buy them, not old enough. But they're on me." Taking the money he offered, Asahi licked his lips as he felt the wet, damp on his ear almost throb as he lined up for the bar.

Nishinoya seemed much more confident now then he had been at home. It might have been the different environment, away from the memory of their crushing failure. This was the new start Asahi had wanted for them, away from what they'd once had, to have the success they were achieving step by step now. Returning the social Nishinoya, two beers in hand, Asahi sat down and watched the small boy down his drink with skilful ease.

"You going to come dance with me?" Blushing as Nishinoya bent over him, pupils dilating as the room danced and swayed in light, he almost nodded. The temptation was great, but the risk of humiliation was too high, especially with Nishinoya watching on. Shaking his head shyly, Asahi sipped his beer.

"I can't dance. So no." Pouting at him Nishinoya chugged his beer, placing the empty bottle on a near by table.

"You sure? I'll dance good for both of us, so no one will notice you." Everyone noticed him, even in a dark nightclub with a pint sized dancer tearing up the floor beside him, it wasn't worth the hassle. Shaking his head, Asahi reached out and pushed Nishinoya back with a playful shove.

"I'll just sit back and watch the show, you go have fun." Grinning Nishinoya snagged the beer from his grasp, gulping down a swig before passing it back.

"Make sure you keep watch."

Blushing to his ear tips as his eyes followed Nishinoya to the dance floor, Asahi took in his friend's swagger. He looked good, his jacket sleeved rolled up, shirt and slogan exposed and highlight with its bright white text under the black. Just Try Me. Smiling at the aggressive phase, Asahi felt a little shiver run down his spine as he watched Nishinoya begin to dance. Doubtless due to his years of lib training he was as flexible and nibble as a yoga instructor. Moving to the steady, heavy beat of the bass, there was a practiced and sure rhythm to the way he moved. Tsukishima had introduced music into the training schedule over the past year and oblivious some of the techniques and graceful movements had filtered into their game play. Drawing people, particularly women in around him, Asahi couldn't hold

back fits of laughter at the look of uncertainty that crossed the younger man's face. He certainly wasn't used to this sort of attention from the opposite sex and seeing him now surrounded by a gaggle of eager females had the tall spiker in stitches.

Catching the wild gleam in Nishinoya's eye, Asahi felt his stomach flutter. There was a woman in his arms, small and slinky, dancing close and dirty up against him. But it was as though she didn't exist, his eyes were only for Asahi. The giant couldn't look away, glued to the guardian deity and his gyrating hips, Asahi felt as if he was about to faint. Keeping his gaze for as long as he could, Asahi had to glance away as the woman in Nishinoya's arm, cupped his cheeks and brought them close as if to kiss. He felt bad as Nishinoya waved the overly affectionate lady away, blushing profusely as he retreated back to Asahi.

"You're certainly popular." Maybe he shouldn't have but the opportunity to tease the youngster only came so often and by the look on Nishinoya's face he was willing to take the jibe with some humour.

"I'm always popular." His snarky reply came as he eyed off the bar with contemplation. "Just not with Kiyoko-san. Damn Suga and Daichi, they really scored with that living arrangement." Finishing his beer with a reluctant swig, Asahi nodded.

"Very lucky indeed." Fresh out of high school and managing to find a three bedroom apartment in Tokyo was a struggle in itself, no wonder the trio of the third years had teamed up to find accommodation.

"Come dance with me." The heat from the club made his cheeks feel impossibly hotter as Nishinoya leant in close again, his hands coming to rest on the flat of Asahi's thighs. "Save me from all the clingy girls and their wandering hands." Shivering the memory, he took the empty bottle from Asahi's hand, pulling him up in the process. Sliding off his seat, Asahi couldn't even fake reluctance, with the heat and alcohol running along his veins. His opposition to dancing dissolving as Nishinoya squeezed his hand and led him onto the floor. Trying to avoid elbows and arms as they were raised in time with the music, the sudden shift in beat had them squashed between the waves of people, raising their hands to the DJ's set and screaming the lyrics. Following in suite Asahi narrowly avoided Nishinoya's fist hitting his face as he pumped the air with renewed vigour. Belting out the lyrics with confidence, Nishinoya leant back into the steady warmth of Asahi's chest. Glancing up he was thrilled to see the giant's smiling face, caught up in the moment and enjoying the beauty of the music and the energy of the crowd.

Thrusting his hips back in a subtle motion, moving in time with the pounding music, Asahi looked down at him with a small smile. It wasn't a polite or warm smile and certainly not one he'd expected from Asahi at all. It looked fierce, primal as if his soft and quiet nature had all been an act and this true, animalistic nature had been hiding just beneath the surface. The thought made his mouth water and knees shake. Turning to face him as the crowd swayed and shook with the increasing beat, Nishinoya snaked his arms around Asahi middle, drawing him closer.

There was no shyness or reluctance in his features now, his whole

frame looked relaxed and limp. If one beer was what it took for his friend to loosen up, Nishinoya would have to invest in it a lot more in the future. Running his hands up and down Asahi broad back in long, soothing strokes, his feet moved on instinct to the music. Touching the back of the giant's neck with careful fingers, he longed for that long chestnut hair to be free. Running his fingers through the threads of silk as they danced seemed not only oddly romantic but unintentionally erotic.

"Lean down a bit." Pushing the back of Asahi's head down with purpose, Nishinoya moved impossibly closer, his hips meeting the top of Asahi's thighs. "You're too tall."

"Maybe." Leaning in close enough so that his chin touched the tip of Nishinoya's hair, Asahi was reluctant to move any closer, least a repeat of their last misfortunes should occur. An almost growl came from the smaller boy's lips as he struggled to reach Asahi's ear.

"Too tall." He said again, tugging at Asahi's hair and watching him wince.

"If you were a girl you'd the perfect height." Blinking in surprise, Nishinoya laughed at Asahi attempt at the offensive.

"Be thankful I'm not a girl," he said teasingly, trailing a hand down Asahi's chest, resting it on the top of his belt buckle. "I'd never put up with half your sulking if I was."

Licking his lips as Nishinoya's curious hand lingered atop his pants, Asahi realised he'd lost all sense of time and space. They could have been dancing out here for hours and he wouldn't have realised. His height suddenly wasn't so prominent when he was leaning in closer, head bent low and voice barely noticeable. Bumped from behind he slouched forward still, hands previously resting at his sides, jumping to Nishinoya's shoulders for support. "That's better." The hand at his back was like an anchor, securing him in relative safety against an ocean of people and noise. Moving with gentle, subtle prompts from his dancing partner, Asahi was finding dancing wasn't such a bad thing, especially when Nishinoya was involved.

Not that he was dancing all that much, swaying would have been more appropriate, his hands slipping down from the lib's shoulders were now wrapped snuggling around his waist. Head bent close enough to bury his face against Nishinoya's neck, he let the smaller man move for him. Nishinoya was everywhere at once, quick, light steps made his pace and rhythm perfect. The hands that had rested on his back and front now roamed his across his body in a manner not fit for public viewing. One moment those nibble little fingers would be touching the back of his neck, the curve of his cheek, the next he could feel smooth slide of Nishinoya's palm running up the inside of his thigh, up between his legs and pausing only briefly to give his backside a tight squeeze. It was mind blowing, indescribable and incredibly sexy. Asahi couldn't ever remember being this turn on, especially with so many people around.

Pulling back slightly, Nishinoya felt the breathing on his neck increase until he was sure Asahi was panting. Good, the feel of the older boy's strong, broad figure so close was making his heart race and his mind blank. The previous night in bed, feeling the heat and

closeness of Asahi had been comforting and secure, all the feelings the man usually inspired in him. But tonight that same body was being felt in an entirely different manner. It wasn't that Asahi felt any different, his height was still a hindrance and the fuzzy rasp of his beard caused him to shiver every time he moved his head to the music. But the power and strength in the arms wrapped around his waist, the bend and flex of his tall, muscle legs complimenting his every swerve and parry. The slender dip his waist was the perfect hand hold as he stood up on tippy toes and ground his gyrating hips against his still stationary ones. There was a small gasp close to his ear, brief but he'd heard it. The music was just background now, every single nerve in his body was tight and ridged as he repeated the motions, listening intently for the same noise.

He moaned. Over the beat of the drum and the racing bass line, Nishinoya heard it. A sinful sound laced with desire and lust and there was no way in hell it had come from Asahi. Expect that it had and it had been perfect. Shuddering as within a moment of clarity Nishinoya realised how hard he was and how public their performance was, he almost stepped back. Almost. If not for Asahi's tongue suddenly lapping at the side of his neck, followed by the whisper.

"Don't stop." Biting his lip as he twisted in the giant's grasp, Nishinoya felt his back hit Asahi's chest, the hands previously at his back, hanging loosely at his chest. Closing his hands over Asahi's and directing them to his hips, Nishinoya's rolled his hips back against the tall man's stiff figure.

"Dance with me" he said, raising his voice to be heard over the music.

Lowering his hips and parring his knees, Asahi folded himself around Nishinoya's swaying form. It felt good, too good. His mind was incapable of thought as the small man in his arms arched back into his touch, his ass grinding in sensual little circles over his hardening cock. He had to have felt it. Blushing Asahi felt grossly inadequate to be the aggressor in this dance, his hands still covered by Nishinoya's and pinned to his waist, felt sweaty and clammy. What if he did something wrong? What if he was moving too fast? What if Nishinoya's felt his raging hard on? His stomach churning at the thought, he nearly pulled back again, but instead felt the lib small hands reach up and touch his face. Leaning into the touch, Asahi couldn't help but nuzzle that hand straying too close to his nose. Nishinoya wanted him to lead now, and maybe it was his time to step and prove that he was worthy of his affections.

"You guys ready to head?" Releasing his hold on Nishinoya with lightening speed, Asahi froze in terror as the boys from his dorm crowded around them, appearing suddenly from the crowd. Nodding Nishinoya pointed to the exit, watching their affirmative reply and following in suite as they made to leave. Out on the quieter street, Asahi opened and closed his mouth several times, trying to pop his ears as the difference in sound and atmosphere messed with his balance.

"If I'd known you were into that I would have suggested another bar." Laughing good naturedly, one of the boy's patted Nishinoya on the back. "Maybe next time you come to visit." Shooting Asahi a look, he laughed as the spiker looked around, cheeks red. "I'm sure that'll be

soon by the look of it." Grinning wildly, Nishinoya puffed out his chest and gave Asahi a gentle shove.

"Hopefully.

5. Chapter 5

Closing the door was a quiet click, Asahi wiped a hand over his sweaty brow. The walk back to the dorms had been pleasant enough, but again upon entering the foyer the heat from the furnace had hit them like a brick.

"Can we turn it down or something?" Looking over at the gas heater attached to the wall beneath the window, Nishinoya searched in vain for the off switch.

"It's regulated downstairs, I can open a window if you like." Humming, Nishinoya shook his head, fanning himself lightly as he searched through his bag.

"Then it'll be too cold, there is no happy medium. I didn't even bring shorts. All my pyjamas are too hot."

Sitting down on the bed, his feet tender and sore for a day of walking and a night of dancing, Asahi shrugged.

"You don't have to wear PJ's." Looking over his shoulder with a grin worthy of sin, Nishinoya raised an eyebrow.

"Really?" Back peddling quickly, Asahi rubbed the back of his head, nervously trying to undo the innuendo.

"I just mean wear a shirt and underwear or something. No one is forcing you to wear pants to bed." It sounded a little better, but with the amused grin Nishinoya was still throwing him, it mustn't have been that successful.

"Maybe I'll just sleep in nothing at all." Watching the giant stand out the corner of his eye, Nishinoya struggled to hold back the tears of laughter as a bright pink flush broke over Asahi's features.

Ignoring his pointed glances, Asahi stripped off his jeans and pulled on a pair of loose sweats, watching Nishinoya out the corner of his eye do the same. Again the smaller boy took the side of the bed closest to the wall, rolling onto his back and placing his hands behind his head.

"Did you have a good time?" Pulling back the bedsheets and slipping with an awkward hop, Asahi snuggled down in deep under the covers.

"I've never done anything like that before, it was fun. I never knew you could dance that well." Shrugging, Nishinoya rolled over and watched Asahi settle in for sleep.

"I'll be better once I start getting out in the clubs more. And you could to, if you acted more like a crazy college student and less like a boring old man." Huffing as he reached up and switched off the

light, Asahi grumbled.

"I am not an old man. I just don't like dancing, I'm not really good at it. Not like you at least. I've never even been invited out with the other dorm boys. They're all kind of scared of me."

Raising up on his elbow, Nishinoya searched out Asahi figure in the dark bed beside him.

"Is that why you kept coming home so much? Because you didn't have any friends here?" Frowning Asahi's face twisted in thought.

"Kind of, it's not like people don't like me. But it's nothing like home, with you and my parents. I miss talking to people and having friends."

Frowning at the sudden sadness leaking into his tone, Nishinoya shuffled across the bed, reaching out until he touched the tip of Asahi's nose with his finger.

"You know, those guys think we're dating now." Laughing a little, his nervousness was overwhelming his enjoyment of having Nishinoya so close, even if he was teasing him.

"W-we should correct that, people will start to talk." Trailing his hand down Asahi's stubbled chin, to his chest and across to his shoulder Nishinoya pushed gently, forcing Asahi rolled over and giving the smaller man the majority of the bed.

"Maybe, or maybe we should really give them something to talk about."

Asahi had too much hair, pulling it back off his neck Nishinoya bent down, touching a small kiss to his neck. Feeling his friend shiver and stiffen under his touch, the lib repeated the motion.

"You like that?" The muffle moan from Asahi made his head spin. Flicking his tongue out and dragging it up and down the length of his neck, Nishinoya groaned slightly. It was like all the fire and arousal from the club came flooding back to him. Looping his arm around Asahi's waist, Nishinoya felt the tall man curl around him. Shifting up the bed and digging his hand in under Asahi's shirt, he raked his nails down the tall man's chest.

"It-it feels good." Kissing the back of his neck with all the pent up tension he'd been holding on to for over two years, Nishinoya could barely think straight. Closing his eyes to the dark and soaking up the feeling of Asahi trembling and moaning in his arms, he couldn't resist but to sink his teeth into the soft, ever so bite-able flesh. The sharp and short gasp from the giant was enough indication of his enjoyment.

"You do like that." Licking over the bite with a soothing flicker of his tongue, his focus turned to the soft underside of the ace's jaw. Nuzzling against the rough stubble of Asahi's chin, the lib licked and suckling at his skin. Feeling the heat rising beneath the flesh and under his tongue, Nishinoya nipped harder, hearing the hitch in Asahi's breath as he did.

Curling around Asahi bent figure, Nishinoya thrust his growing hard

on against the tall man's back feeling intensive waves of pleasure crash over him. Asahi was so sensitive and so responsive. The skin under his palm at the other's chest felt hot almost to burning and the soft, damp skin he feasted upon was goose bumping and tight.

"Roll over." Licking his lips as he leant up and nipped the lobe of Asahi's flushed ears, Nishinoya whispered quietly. "Roll over so I can see your face." There was nothing to see in the dark, but Nishinoya wanted to feel him, feel the outline of his strong jaw and shy features.

Shifting awkwardly into a roll, Asahi suddenly found himself facing the unrivalled object of his desire. Never had he wanted anything more this, Nishinoya, right now, in this bed and at this moment. His body burnt so hot he was scared he'd melt the bed and his loins ached with a throb he'd never felt before. All because of a loud, little pocket rocket with stupid shirts and a mouth as wicked as sin. But the hands of his face caused an icy chill to run down his spine. Nishinoya's palms cupped his face, as he felt the under boy lean in, their lips inches from each others.

"Wait." His voice was raspy, rough, as if speaking had suddenly become a chore, or maybe it was due to all his moaning before hand. "Are you sure?"

Blinking in surprise, Nishinoya almost laughed, but knew the results of mocking Asahi's serene questions and didn't want to risk the tears today.

"Of course, I wouldn't do it if I wasn't."

"But," pausing mid exclamation Asahi bit his tongue. "The last time, you- well and I didn't. You didn't want to." Racking his brain to try and make sense of his ramblings, Nishinoya thought back to their last near kiss experience. Wincing, he pushed his limp hair out his eyes and huffed out a breath.

"Yeah, sorry about that." He coughed to cover the sound of his embarrassment and uncertainly. "I just got scared okay? You were so." He struggled for words, treading carefully least he frighten the giant. "Intense." Swallowing thickly, Asahi nodded meekly, pushing down the rising anxiety in his gut.

"Sorry." Shrugging, Nishinoya took a deep breath, retracting his hand from around Asahi middle and shuffling back across the bed.

"Don't be sorry. It was kind of nice seeing you so worked up." He laughed, but it sounded forced.

Rolling onto his side, face close to the wall, Nishinoya closed his eyes he felt arousal being pushed aside by nostalgic anger.

"I'm really glad you had a good night." The tightly stretched band somewhere deep inside him that had threatened to snap with old memories and heartache suddenly went slack. "I mean I'm just glad you're here. I'd be glad whatever we did." Asahi had a way with words, a way with words that could light a fire deep within him. Of either passion or rage, empathy or love it didn't matter. Asahi had a way with him no one else ever had. And that was even more prominent

now as his limbs relaxed, and his fists unclenched. His honest words and love behind them was more calming than any pill or mediation. And even if he'd been the cause of all Nishinoya's sore memories and heartbreaking experiences, he was also the one to cure and rebuild his wounded feelings.

"I had a good time." Looking over his shoulder at the lump of Asahi tense and stiff figure, Nishinoya reached out and tugged a lock of long hair. "I always have a good time when I'm with you."

6. Chapter 6

Blinking awake with dry lips and aching feet, Asahi took a moment to take in the quiet of the morning. It was late in the morning, as the sun seeping in past the blinds was high in the sky and the heater was finally off. There would be few people awake at this time of the morning, the lines in the breakfast hall would be small and the showers quiet. Rubbing his feet against the mattress in small circles, he rolled his head to the side and watched the sleeping Nishinoya.

Limp hair falling over his eyes, mouth open and snoring lightly, he almost looked angelic. If he took the time to look that peaceful on a regular basis, Asahi would never get anything done. He'd just stare at him lovely. Resisting the urge to reach out and touch him, the tall boy struggled up and out of bed, trying in vain not to wake the sleeping lib.

"Where-what you doing?" Shushing him gently, Asahi gently pressed him back to the bed, smoothing his hair down over his forehead.

"Just going to shower, go back to sleep. I'll get breakfast as well." A grumbled thank you followed him out the door as he tossed his towel around his shoulders and wandered down the hall towards the bathrooms.

Opening the bathroom door with a whoosh of steam, Asahi bowed his head low and ducked into a near by empty stall. Stripping quickly and dashing under the scolding hot water, he couldn't hold back the sigh of relief that came with the hot water pooling around his feet. Washing out his hair and scrubbing down with ferocity, the spiker let his mind wander.

What was he going to do with Nishinoya? There was such a mix message coming from the small lib, it was almost impossible to tell what he was thinking and if anything last night had just confirmed that. Maybe it was the place, the different atmosphere with none of the negative memories of what had occurred in the past. It was all too much to think about, Nishinoya was unpredictable at the best of times and now coupled with feelings of the heart, he could wrack his brain for a million years and still not quite understand how the younger man ticked.

Hopping out of the shower and drying down quickly, he dressed and dashed downstairs before the breakfasts lines grew too big. Sundays were pancake mornings, and while the older RA seniors pan fried rich, Western snacks, the younger students were free to lather on lashings of sweet toppings and syrups. Pocketing handfuls of honey and jam packets, Asahi stood in line, two plates in hands and smiling at the

servers behind the cafeteria bench.

Smiling in thanks as he received his breakfast, Asahi nodded to a group of students sitting at the tables in the mess hall, before dashing up the stairs hampered by plates full of tasty treats. Awkwardly opening the door with a single handed jolt, his hip against the handle and pushing forward, the spiker found Nishinoya sprawled out across the bed.

"Getting up?"

"Trying." Pulling his face up from the covers and smelling the air, a dreamy expression broke over the small man's face as he struggled to sit up, watching Asahi place a plate of thick pancakes before him.

"Every Sunday is pancake Sunday." Almost drooling as he pulled the plate closer, Nishinoya licked his lips.

"I could almost get used to the noise if it meant pancake every weekend."

Falling into silence as Asahi tossed him tiny packets of sweets, Nishinoya poured the sticky amber liquid over his flat cakes, rolling them up and munching them with vigour. Watching Nishinoya eat with a small smile Asahi finished off his meal licking his fingers clean and ditching his plastic plate in the small bin beside the desk.

"Thanks for breakfast." Smiling as he fiddled with his laptop, Asahi pulled up his course work with tired eyes.

"You're welcome." Licking his fingers, Nishinoya wiped his hands down on the front of his shirt.

"So what's on the cards for today?" Stretching at his desk, Asahi glanced at his laptop screen and back to Nishinoya's wide brown eyes.

"I actually have to study today or for at least some of it. We can go out for dinner if you want-." Shaking his head Nishinoya cut him off before he could continue.

"Nope, we can settle down here." Standing up and doing a set of stretches, Nishinoya stripped from his sticky shirt and binned it into the laundry hamper. "I'll just watch TV." Catching Asahi warm, happy eyes, Nishinoya cocked his head to the side. "What?" Ruffling his damp hair and searching through the desk for a hair tie, Asahi shrugged.

"You're going to get bored, I know you will. You're going to be climbing the walls by the end of the day." Sticking out his tongue, Nishinoya pulled on a clear shirt and hopped back up on the end. Rolling himself back up in bed, the small man stuck his feet out at the end of the covers, wiggling his feet. "Can you pass me the remote? I'll be fine, you'll see."

He knew Nishinoya would get bored, but he'd lasted longer than Asahi had expected. Watching through a couple of hours of Sunday cable TV, lunch had been a short and quiet affair, but by the early afternoon Nishinoya was bouncing on the end of the bed, remote in hand and

flipping through channels at an alarming rate. After calling him out on his restless behaviour Asahi offered to take him for a walk around campus only to be blown off with a firm no. Head down over the keyboard, the sudden sensation of fingers in his hair was surprising but welcome.

"Can I help you?" Leaning back in his chair, his head bent back so Nishinoya could reach more with his seeking fingers, Asahi almost moaned.

"No, but your hair is all ratty. It's getting so long, are you going to cut it?" Shaking his head firmly, the tall boy shuddered as Nishinoya's fingertips dug in deeper.

"Probably not."

"Too scared of going bald?" Laughing, Asahi almost blushed, Nishinoya had such skill with reading him, it was almost uncanny.

"Kind of." Feeling the fingers at his scalp tug gently at his ponytail, it was quickly pulled free and the sensation of his hair tumbling down around his shoulders and face made him sigh.

"Am I distracting you?" Shaking his head and feeling Nishinoya's fingers tangle up in his hair, Asahi took a deep breath before focusing back on the screen before him.

"No, not at all." The stutter in his voice was far too easy to hear and in a moment those quick, clever fingers quickly retreated. "You can brush it if you like." Back peddling quickly, Asahi accidentally knocked three folders off the desk before managing to snag his brush and passing it to Nishinoya before the younger man could see his face.

Grinning at his flustered face, Nishinoya took a handful of his hair and began brushing it out in sure, strong, strokes. It was a soothing motion, the quiet warmth of the room was intimate, filled with the slow typing of Asahi's fingers. Parting Asahi's hair to the side and tucking it behind his ears, Nishinoya couldn't resist teasing the giant as he had the night before. Flicking his tongue out and lapping at the pixie tips of his ears caused the other beneath him to shiver. Nibbling gently as he reached the lobe, Nishinoya sucked hard, listening to the cry of pleasure that came from Asahi. Moving down from his ears to his neck, Nishinoya suddenly stopped. Grinning manically, he cleared his throat with purpose and sat back on the bed, waiting for Asahi to turn around. The fake frown was made all the more cuter as Nishinoya pinpointed each and every red mark marring his otherwise flawless flesh.

"I might need to apologise." Pointing to his neck with a satisfied smile, Nishinoya sat back watching Asahi rush to the mirror and scan his neck.

"Oh." His mouth was a perfect O as he craned his neck back and forth, checking the flaring red scattered across his neck. "That's not going to be good." Laughing out loud at his shocked expression Nishinoya rolled back on the bed his sides as they ached with laughter.

"It looks good on you." Winking at his scandalous face, the smaller man stood, linking his arms around Asahi lanky frame as he stared

back worriedly at himself in the mirror. "I'm sorry." "Don't be."

He didn't really mind all that much, in fact it was sort of a right of passage. This was something couples did and it was something he'd shared with Nishinoya. Last night had actually happened, the soft licks and nibbles at his neck that had driven him mad were now marked against his skin. Fingers touching the angry red around his neck, Asahi blushed, would people notice? What would they say? A shiver of excitement ran through him at the thought, they were almost like a real couple now.

Giving him a final squeeze, Nishinoya gently pushed passed him, pulling open the door.

"I'm going to go for a walk." Looking away with a small smile, Asahi rubbed the back of his head, walking back to his desk.

"I told you you'd get bored. You shouldn't need the card, I'm not going anywhere. Text me if you lost." Waving him off, Nishinoya fluffed up his hair and pulled on his shoes.

"I won't get lost, you study hard and don't worry about the hickies too much."

"I'm not worried" Asahi resorted, watching Nishinoya leave.

"Lair."

7. Chapter 7

Notes: Who is ready to jump this to an M rating? ME! This series is going so quickly! Episode 18 was just a blast, both these beautiful boys were amazing! (GO THE ACE) But yeah smut ahead so enjoy. Much thanks

* * *

><p>Kyoto had an entirely different feel about it then Tokyo. It was certainly as busy, but the air felt cleaner and the regardless of the strange chill of the season, the air still lingered heavy in the atmosphere. Walking down the busy Sunday streets, Nishinoya stared wide eyed as the shops and store front passed by in a quick flurries of footsteps. Moving further and further away from the college and the residence apartments, the small boy followed his nose down into the city, searching out a snack or something to munch before dinner.<p>

Pausing at a small side street as he passed a takoyaki shop, Nishinoya stepped off the busy footpath and into the small alley. Struggling under a weight of boxes and staggering out from the side of an open van, he watched an old man cursed as he dropped the top box of his stack.

"Need a hand?" Walking down the small street with a helpful smile on his face, Nishinoya picked up the fallen item. Nodding happily, the older man dropped the level of his handful taking the box Nishinoya offered.

"Thank you very much."

"Not a problem." Eyeing off the remaining stack of boxes in the back of the van, Nishinoya called out after the older gentleman as he entered through a side door just up the alley. "Would you like a hand bringing these inside?" Stepping out from the small side door, the same happy smile on his features, the grey haired man nodded eagerly.

"It'd be greatly appreciated, thank you."

Piling up boxes by the armful, Nishinoya waited for the man to finish his own stack before following him inside. Stepping beyond the threshold, Nishinoya blinked as his eyes adjusted to the difference in light, and was careful not to fall up a flight of stairs he walked on until they arrived at a storage room. Piling his boxes into a corner, Nishinoya dashed down stairs to retrieve the remaining packages. Finishing his chore with ease he was pulled up by the elderly gentleman at the bottom of the stairs.

"It's rare to find such helpful young people these days. Again thank you very much. You hungry?" Grinning, Nishinoya nodded, peering around the stairs and down the hall towards the light at the front of the store, illuminating the dark hall. "You like takoyaki?"

"Oh hell yeah." Coughing as he caught his cussing in the presences of a senior citizen, Nishinoya was pleased with the pat on the back he received rather than a scolding.

"Good good, come on youngster, there's plenty to be had. I like your shirt by the way." Glancing over his shoulder at the black and white text, Nishinoya grinned in thanks.

One Challenge At A Time.

"So do you live around here?" Awatia asked as he passed Nishinoya a cold can of soda. Fanning his mouth as he crammed scolding hot takoyaki inside, Nishinoya managed to shake his head. The old man had introduced himself as Awatia Shinrigi, owner of Tia Takoyaki and a fan of Nishinoya's motivational shirts.

"It's my first time in Kyoto, I live in Miyagi, but my friend studies down here." Sitting opposite the small man, Awatia poured himself a cup of tea.

"Just visiting eh? Do you like it?" Picking his teeth with a toothpick as he cracked open his can, Nishinoya nodded.

"It's nicer then Tokyo, that's for sure." He paused, eyeing off another takoyaki, "I think I'll be coming back a lot more in the future." Sipping his tea and spearing a takoyaki, the grey haired elder nodded slowly.

"You like it that much eh? Miyagi is a long trip." Struggling to hold back his blush, Nishinoya shrugged.

"It's pretty long but my friend lives here so I'm going to try and visit as much as I can."

"Finished school?" If the old man had noticed his red cheeks, he

didn't let on. Instead he waved at one of the cooks, signalling for more takoyaki.

"A couple of weeks ago yeah."

"Want a job?" Choking on his soda, Nishinoya felt the bubbles fizz up and into his nose as he must have misheard Awatia's question.

"Do I want a-"

"Job yes. Or are you going to college?"

Closing his mouth with a sharp click, Nishinoya thought over his reply, picking at the freshly served prawn takoyaki as he did.

"I wasn't clever enough for college. But I have a job lined up." Sitting back in his chair with a small sigh, Awatia nodded sadly.

"As expected, hard work like yours is sure to be picked up. But are you sure? You can have the apartment above the shop? My son used to live there but he's moved in with his wife now. The rent is cheap and the work is good." Smiling hopefully as he sweetened the deal, Nishinoya almost blurted out a quick yes.

Working in Kyoto with Asahi just around the corner sounded like a dream come true. Much better than the hour long train rides for the both of them up and back every weekend. And that was if Nishinoya didn't end up working on the weekends. Coach would probably want him to work when he left for the games and tournaments with the team.

"I'd have to think about it." Coughing behind his hand and drinking deeply from his can, Nishinoya put on a confident face. "I am very thankful for the offer Awatia-san. But I'd have to think things over first." Finishing off the final takoyaki, Awatia grinned.

"That's a wise head on your shoulders boy. Have a think about it, call your folk, talk it over with your woman, your future boss. Then come back and tell me you want the job." Laughing at his tenacious Nishinoya grinned.

"You'll have my answer by the end of the week."

Plastic bag swinging from his arm, Nishinoya had little to no problem getting back to the dorms. One wrong turn and a short cut later he found his way back to the station and then onto the residence building. Walking up the stairs with a swing in his step, Nishinoya knocked on Asahi 's door and waited for his friend to answer.

"I got a job offer." Blinking in surprise as he ushered Nishinoya into the room, Asahi sat back on the bed, confused.

"You got a job offer, like to work here?"

"Yup." Passing Asahi the plastic bag, Nishinoya stole the office chair and swung himself around in fast, little circles. "At a takoyaki place around the corner. Plus a place to live. It was nice, kind of small. But not as small as this, furnished and with a big window over looking the street. It was kind of cool." Watching Asahi

tear open his container of takoyaki with a smile, he awaited his friend's opinion.

"You going to take it?" Shrugging, Nishinoya became serious all of a sudden.

"I don't know, maybe." He'd wanted to say yes, desperately. Especially after Awatia had shown him the small apartment above and explained his duties and wages. It was about what he was expecting to have to do at the Foothills Store. But this was in Kyoto, away from there and with Asahi .

He would have been lying if he'd said that hadn't been a motivating factor. Of course it was, he wanted to be with Asahi so bad and if the last couple of days had proven anything it was that they were still as compatible and in love as before.

Looking up from his dinner, Asahi had missed Nishinoya's bright, pointed stare by mere seconds.

"What do you want to do?" Why did his voice sounded so scared? Coughing, he looked around for something to drink as the hot takoyaki burnt his tongue. "This is about you after all." Shrugging, Nishinoya fiddled with one of the folders on the desk, unsure how to reply.

"I want to take it." He said finally, taking a deep breath, "I really want to." But he was scared to take that dive, to make that commitment in case Asahi left him again. But he'd come back and Nishinoya had followed him, all the way back to Kyoto, where they had a real chance together. "I'll have to think about it." Taking the easy way out, Nishinoya rocked his head back against the chair's headrest. "I have a week to think about it."

Humming, Asahi jumped as a knock resounded from his door. Frowning Nishinoya sat back quietly as the tall boy stood and cautiously peered around the door.

"Azumane?"

"Yes?" Stepping back and pulling the door open wide, Asahi looked down confused at the thin man before him. He'd met him once before at the orientation at the start of the year, but generally he had no reason to contact his RA, so the visit was certainly unexpected.

"Guests are expected to report to the RA and to rent a futon." Glancing past Asahi 's tall frame to glare at Nishinoya sitting at the desk, the thin boy huffed. "What have you been sleeping together?" Rubbing the back of his neck nervously, Asahi felt the tender heat of the love bites around the back of his neck flare up as he become more anxious and flustered.

"And so what if we were?"

Suddenly Nishinoya was by his side, tucked under his arm with eyes blazing bright in challenge. Laughing humourless the RA tisked.

"We don't fags around here."

"I beg your motherfucking pardon?" Nishinoya was glaring now, his

eyes locked to his target, ready to pounce. Taking a step back at the threat and shaking his head with a nasty scowl, the thin boy turned on his heel.

"Fine, sleep with your psycho little queer if you want to. But any noise out of either of you and I am calling the cops. Oh and his bill for staying will be added to your end of semester fee, futon or not. Enjoy your gross, sinful activities and your eternity in hell."

Watching the RA stride down the hall with the final world, Asahi acted on reflex to grab Nishinoya by the collar and yank him back inside as he tensed to chase after the bully man.

"What the fuck was that?" Holding his head in his hands and groaning in frustration, Nishinoya looked searchingly at Asahi. "Have they always treated you like that? Is this why you like coming home so much, because people say things like that." He needed something to kick, something to punch and bite. A volleyball would be handy right about now, something he could force all his anger into and to spike it through that fucking loser's window.

"Not really." Sitting on the bed, his hands clasped calmly behind him, Asahi kept his head low. "I mean beyond all the whispers and rumours and all that. They're just a bunch of spoiled kids, they don't know what they're talking about." Shaking his head, Nishinoya bit his lips, hard enough to almost draw blood.

"And I'm a country bumpkin, on all accounts I should be less tolerable." Except he wasn't. His parents had always told him to do what made him happy, the coach and the team said the same. Asahi made him happy and he'd followed that path to the happy results they were reaping now.

"They just don't know." Ceasing his aggressive pacing up and down the small length of the room, Nishinoya stopped and looked at his Asahi.

Soft, brown eyes were now filled with tears, running down his face and dripping from his chin and onto his shirt.

"That's no excuse." It was hard to keep his voice calm and level as he came to sit beside his friend, pulling him into a loose hug. Running his hands up and down Asahi's trembling frame, Nishinoya offered his shoulder to the crying giant. "It's alright Asahi." Rubbing circles over his back, Nishinoya shushed him gently, feeling the damp, drip of tears on his neck. "Don't cry, it's not manly." Laughing a little, the tall man sniffed loudly, biting his lip in an attempt to stop his tears.

"I'm trying."

Patting his head with sure, soft strokes, Nishinoya tipped his chin up and wiped at his cheeks.

"It's alright, hey now. Really, settle down." It was hard getting Asahi to settle in situations like this. On the court it was something Daichi had beat out of him, but the minute he stepped off that court, he'd crumbled. Tears and shakes would last the entire bus ride home. Suga was the best at times like this, patting the tall boy

on the back with reassuring words and smiles. Nishinoya had usually ignored him, it hurt him to see he's friend so torn and tearful. But by the end of the trip, red faced and eyes puffy Asahi would apologise to everyone and everyone would laugh.

It was hard now, Suga wasn't here and there was little he could do but keep the giant's gaze and console him the best he could.

"Fuck what he says, it's fine. You're fine, you're better than fine." He was struggle with his words, Asahi tear stained face making him fumble. "You're perfect."

The world slowed down, Nishinoya's hand moved down his face and settled firmly on his shoulders. He wouldn't have pulled away, couldn't have, not when Nishinoya was so close and moving closer. He was going to kiss him. Would it feel the same as the last time? Passionate and fierce after the heat and victory of battle.

No, this time it was different. This time Nishinoya took his time, searching Asahi 's face for any signs of hesitation before diving in. It was the slightest touch. Asahi 's lips were warm and damp with tears, but it was enough for Nishinoya to want more. Kissing him again, harder this time, Nishinoya gripped his shoulders tighter, pulling his team mate closer and angling in for a deeper kiss. One couldn't really practice kissing without a partner, and he could tell he was doing a sloppy job. But it felt good and from the push back from Asahi , the other boy was enjoying it as well.

Pulling back breathless, cheeks flushed and hands shaking, Nishinoya smiled at his tall friend, overjoyed by the look of euphoria on Asahi 's face.

"Was that okay?" He didn't sound at all manly, timid and unsure at best, but Asahi 's smile did everything to settle his frayed nerves.

"Again." Grinning as he leant in for another kiss, Not felt the slide of Asahi 's hand coming up his back and wrapping around his neck. The twist of his body was uncomfortable, especially as Asahi went to pull him close.

"Wait a second." Licking his lips and feeling the tingle from some soft swelling, Nishinoya sat up off the bed. Kneeling over Asahi lap, he was careful as he brought his knees down firmly each side of his thighs. Grinning wildly at his friend's worried look, Nishinoya touched his nose with a quick kiss. "Better?"

Wiggling around in his seat, his heart racing at Nishinoya's proximity, Asahi swallowed thickly and nodded. The feel of Nishinoya's lips on his was a reward he'd desired for almost a year, a bond that would bring them impossibly closer and break down all barriers that had been holding them back. Looking down between their bodies Asahi wrapped his arms Nishinoya's waist, pulling him forward until they were connected at the hip. Looking up with a shy smile, the tall boy caught the gleam in Nishinoya's eye as they met for another kiss. His copper brown eyes were bright like cinnamon and and brandy, lit up by desire and heat, he could almost get lost in their glow, especially when they were glazed over at the tiny, subtlest thrust of his hips.

Shivering as the sensation rocketed through him, Nishinoya lost his breath as the soft hint of a tongue was touched to his lips. Asahi was never this bold and yet through his tears and anxiety, he was showing off a knowledge far more superior to Nishinoya's.

"You've done this before?" Blinking in surprise, Asahi shook his head shrugging awkwardly.

"Only with you." Narrowing his eyes as he rose up on his knees, Nishinoya fiddled with Asahi 's hair tie, tugging until it was free.

"Then why are you so good at this?" Shrugging, Asahi felt his ears burn as Nishinoya ran his fingers through his hair, letting it fall down gently around his shoulders.

"I'm not." Disagreeing with him felt like too much effort, instead Nishinoya opted for a more physically form of disagreement. Bending his head, Nishinoya flicked his tongue out and trailed wet little paths down Asahi neck as he had the night before. Tipping his head back with a quiet moan, the spiker shivered, his hands settling on Nishinoya's hips, steady himself and the small body atop him.

Breathing deeply, the smaller man licked his lips, nibbling over his friend's pulse. Pulling back, Nishinoya ghosted a kiss over Asahi 's trembling lips, gentle and barely there. It was teasing, sensual and without a doubt the biggest turn on the tall boy had ever experienced. Goosebumps flared across his skin as Nishinoya took his mouth harder, tongue licking and lapping at his lips until he opened up with a moan. Nishinoya tasted good, like dark chocolate and soda, he almost laughed at the comparison but could think of no other way to describe it. The lib tasted like an overload of sugar, addictive and rushing through his blood fast enough to give him a headache.

The light headedness granted was probably more likely due to his pounding hard on then anything. His pants were becoming way too tight and with Nishinoya sitting so close, the small man was only one slip away from a very embarrassing situation. Kissing his way down his lips, over his cheeks and down to his neck, Nishinoya was struggling to keep his head clear and focused on the task at hand. Tasting more of Asahi skin, and to mark more of that soft, tan skin a bright red.

But it wasn't enough when, not when Asahi was all needy and mewing in his ear, with large hands gripping tighter still on his hips hard enough to leave bruises. His cock was uncomfortably hard, if it kept on like this for any longer he'd be suffering from some serious blue balls. Breaking the haze, it was difficult to put thoughts together, especially with the promise of pleasure was being so close. Lowering himself down on his knees, sitting carefully in Asahi 's board lap, he smiled at the giant's sudden panicked look.

"Sorry, I'm a little sensitive." Chuckling, Nishinoya twisted in his seat, feeling Asahi tense. Scooting forward, the small man inhaled sharply as the heat between his legs brushed against Asahi 's own arousal. Arching against his hips, the spiker bit his lip trying in vain to keep from crying out. Nishinoya was quick and sure, his hands were never still. Instead they travelled across every available

surface of his skin, ducking under his shirt, along the back of his neck, the side of his face. And his hips were insistent, grinding against his with purpose and heat.

"Feels good?" Raising an eyebrow as Nishinoya raised his head, licking his lips and observing the deep red marks he'd left on the side of the other boy's neck, Asahi barely managed to nod.

"Of course." Gasping as Nishinoya's hand cupped between his legs, the tall boy dug his fingers into his friend's hip, his knuckles almost white as the feeling of rolling pleasure grew in the pit of his stomach.

"Feel better now?" If this was some kind of game Asahi didn't want it to end, if anything Nishinoya was just searching for something to boost his ego and confidence and Asahi could do that do.

"So good." Thrusting up into Nishinoya's palm Asahi buried his face into the smaller boy's neck, moaning softly. "Harder." Whispering against his skin he thrust up higher into the touch offer and rocking Nishinoya back and forth, the feeling the urgency in Asahi's movements grow. The budge in his pants was tight and hot, Nishinoya squeezed gently and listened to the hitch and catch of his breath as he stroked against his friend's clothed cock.

Asahi shuddered, close to screaming in frustration and as Nishinoya stole another kiss. Slipping his hands off Nishinoya's hips and unconsciously clamping down on the smaller boy's ass, he thrust forward with enough force to snap their hips together with a small slap. It felt so incredibly good, so right, their bodies melting together as if they were made for each other.

Struggling to keep upright as his balls ached and cock stiffened hard as rock, Asahi grunted, his body responding to Nishinoya's every touch. Shivering on the cusp of orgasm, the tall boy raised his feet to the edge of the bed forcing Nishinoya forward on his hands and knees. Catching himself before face planting Asahi's chest Nishinoya giggled, feeling Asahi's impossibly long legs wrapped around his waist as his back arched off the bed. Rubbing his aching cock against the friction Nishinoya offered, Asahi felt tears leak from his eyes as he was pushed closer and closer to climax, building until nothing but mindless chatter was coursing from his lips and waves of pleasure crashed over him.

"Nishinoya, I can't. I'm sorry." Was the only thing the lib managed to catch before Asahi suddenly groan out loud, riding out the final heat of orgasm as his underwear became sticky and flooded. God he was sexy when he came, it was like every single thread of anxiety and fear washed away as his body became slack and sated. Head tossed back against the mattress, hair sweaty and heart racing, Asahi looked amazing. Leaning over him with a satisfied smile, Nishinoya kissed him quickly before rolling along the bed beside him, tucking his leg between Asahi's with a sigh.

"You creamed your pants." Blushing as he cleared his throat Asahi closed his eyes and refused to open them, trying in vain to will the embarrassment away. Poking him in the chest, Nishinoya laughed at his pained expression and couldn't resist the tease. "Am I that good?" Silting his eyes open slightly, Asahi sniffed, looking in the opposite direction.

"I've been under a lot of stress and I've been busy. I haven't had a lot of time to- you know." Gesturing to his soiled pants with a disgusted look, the humiliation forced him to roll over and off the bed, burying his face into the covers and away from Nishinoya's sniggering. "You were good." He finally admitted, looking up from the blankets with a shy smile. "Really good."

Climbing up onto the bed with a triumph grin, Nishinoya put his hands behind his head and laid back against the pillows with barely contained ease. His cock was killing him, glancing down for a second he quickly crossed his legs, hiding the very noticeable tent in his pants. Sitting back on his heels with a hiss, Asahi looked around for a box of tissues, his eyes instead falling on the seemingly napping Nishinoya. Eyes closed and legs crossed jauntily, he would have looked the tranquillity, if not for their previous activities.

"I can suck it."

Nishinoya's eyes flew open, taking in the white wash ceiling as his struggling mind processed Asahi's request. He did really just say... "I mean, I've seen it done, like online and stuff." Coughing to cover his nerves, Asahi shuffled closer to the edge of the bed, pushing his hair back behind his ears. "I mean, only if you want me to."

Nishinoya wanted him to, would beg him to. The thought of Asahi sucking his cock had been wet dream fuel on many a cold, lonely night. And staring down at him now, on his knees, smiling meekly as he awaited the lib's reply was far better than any fantasy he could ever have imagined.

"Are you sure?" He whispered, his voice cracking and betraying him. Nodding, Asahi looked down as he sought the courage to convince Nishinoya, to let him see it was a good idea and how happy he was to do so.

"Yes." Sitting up on the bed, Nishinoya placed his feet carefully on the floor, cautious the entire time of Asahi and the intensity of his forward as the younger man settled into his seat as Asahi tugged gently at the front of his pants, helping the small man discard them on the apartment floor. Spreading his legs slowly as the tall man crawled between them, Nishinoya bit his lips as he took in his aroused state. His boxer were tented and damp at the front and for a moment he was embarrassed, especially as Asahi bent his head nuzzled against the prominent jut. Shivering as the tall boy mouthed the outline of his cock through the fabric, his hands immediately jumped to Asahi hair. Fighting the urge to pressed his face closer and rut against it, Nishinoya couldn't contain the small grunts of pleasure that flowed from his lips as Asahi licked over the crown of his still covered cock. The heat and wet premeditated straight through to his turgid flesh, turning him into a mess of needy sounds and desire.

"Can I take them off?" Almost laughing at the earnest nature of his question, Nishinoya could only nod. As Asahi struggled with getting his underwear off and over his hips, he sat back, leaning on his hand and watching the tall boy intently.

Cheeks flushed as Nishinoya kicked his boxers off, Asahi licked his

lips and shifted his stance wider. The sticky mess in his underwear wasn't bothering him as much any more, not with Nishinoya looking so sexy and spread out for him. Swallowing thickly he took a deep breath and moved closer. He'd seen this done, in the small hours of the night when he'd been daring enough to search out online images of men and their couplings. But now was different, this was Nishinoya and he was hot, heavy and waiting for him. He was perfectly proportioned, his cock flushed a bright red and leaking at the tip. Licking his lips as he reached in and encircled the base with a clumsy fist, the ace flinched uncertainty. But as Nishinoya moaned, his head tossed back as he leant back further, thrusting his hips forward more for Asahi 's attentions, he was comforted in his misgivings. Grinning with a small boost of confidence, the spiker lent down and licked up the shaft, feeling Nishinoya shiver under his touch. Licking up and down as if devouring a tasty treats, Asahi found a comfortable pace, licking and lapping up and down Nishinoya's cock with long, linger flicks of his tongue. Glancing up for a second, he was suddenly floored. Nishinoya's bright amber gaze stared down at him with such intensity that he faulted for a moment.

A hand brushed over his cheek, running over his lips with a deliberate slowness.

"Lick it again." Speechless, Asahi nodded, tongue out he licked over and around the crown, lapping up the sticky dribbles of pre cum that were leaking out from the tip. Swallowing the salty, musky tang with a small moan, he looked up to meet Nishinoya's eye with a small smile. Asahi had never looked more sexy. Confident and sure, his gaze was unmoving as he leant forward again, his hand moving up and down his cock, jerking him off with an expert flick of his wrist. Groaning loudly Nishinoya thrust forward, rutting into Asahi 's hand, and feeling the muscles in his stomach contract as his climax drew closer.

"Should I suck it?"

Fisting his hand in the tall boy's hair, Nishinoya hissed through his teeth, struggling to form words as he spiralled ever closer to release.

"Please." Was all he managed before jolting up right all of a sudden, as Asahi 's fingers brushed over the overly sensitive crown. "Please, just..." Trailing off as a hot, wet suction engulfed his cock, Nishinoya growled out loud, unable to keep the need and aggression from his tone.

Asahi looked perfect like this, carefree and confident. Glancing down and watching his cock push past the ace's swollen pink lips, he almost came right then and there. Panting as the heat of climax coursed through him, Nishinoya cupped Asahi 's face, feebly attempting to push him away as he spilt generously in his mouth. It didn't work, if anything it made the tall boy more needy. Sucking harder to draw out moan after moan from the small man, Asahi swallowed mouthfuls of Nishinoya's creamy affection until his friend fell back against the bed with an exhausted grunt.

Letting Nishinoya's cock slip from his lips, Asahi couldn't help but lick a tiny remaining bead of cum from the soften tip of his cock. Jumping as his over sensitive member was teased for a final time, the lib closed his eyes and tried to catch his breath.

"Was that okay?" Casting over a hand over his eyes and making an airy gesture with the other, Nishinoya laughed.

"I don't think I can move." The shift of the bed saw Asahi snuggling down beside him.

"Is that a good thing?" Laughing Nishinoya opened his eyes, rolling over to face his blushing lover. How long had he wanted to be with Asahi like this? Years. And now he was here, hair tussled, lips red and swollen, looking all too guilty for his actions.

"It's great." Stealing a quick kiss, Nishinoya laughed as his tall friend rolled away from him, burying his face in a near by pillows, embarrassment finally catching up with him. "Hey I just gave you a compliment, don't chicken out on me." Snuggling in close, Nishinoya wrapped an arm around Asahi 's waist, squeezing gently as he flipped a leg over the tall boy's thigh. "You want to get out of those pants now?" Nodding into the pillow, Asahi wasn't sure if he could bring himself to move, especially not with Nishinoya nuzzle against the back of his neck and spooning his ass.

"Yes please." The softest press of a kiss touched the small side of his cheek as Nishinoya hopped off the bed and went sorting through his cupboard. Smiling into his pillow, Asahi suppressed a giggle and he watched the bare bottomed lib rifle through his draws, trying to find a clean pair of pants. Looping his arms around the pillow, the tall man squeezed tightly, forcing out all the encroaching negative thoughts and leaving him with the warm, comforting feeling of Nishinoya and nothing else.

8. Chapter 8

Rolling away from the sunlight peering through the open window, Nishinoya grumbled as Asahi moved almost silently through the room.

"You going to class now?" Brushing a hand over his friend's tussled hair, Asahi smiled at the small bundle of blankets and early morning grumbings.

"Yeah just for the morning, I'll be back this afternoon. Are you okay to just loitering around here until I get back?" Stretching and pulling the blankets up to his chin, Nishinoya yawned.

"Sounds fine, have a good day." Plucking up the courage to lean down and plant a small kiss on Nishinoya's forehead, Asahi smiled as the small boy wiggled happily in his nest of blankets.

Hearing the door close with a soft click, Nishinoya stared up at the ceiling with a satisfied sigh. Beyond the ignorance of a certain RA, everything was working out far better then expected. He's slept so well, wrapped up in Asahi's lanky form, his slumber had been a peaceful and comforting affair. This trip had been a wonderful idea and if it continued to get better, he might just well take that job. It was the perfect opportunity to get out of Miyagi and see more of Asahi, especially if their relationship was going to continue at this pace.

Laying about in bed until the a need for the bathroom and bored got the better of him, Nishinoya dressed and hummed happily as he walked about the campus with a spring in his step. He thought about going back to visit Awatia just to see if he needed any help, and maybe gain a free lunch. But upon settling on a small ramen booth just outside the campus, he decided against it.

The sun was shining through the thick cloud cover as he slipped back inside the dorm foyer and dashed up the stairs. Scanning the second card that had been slipped under their door that morning, he glanced up and down the hall before entering. Happy to see Asahi sitting at his desk, Nishinoya swaggered across the room, slinging his arms around his neck and planting a sloppy kiss to his cheek.

"Honey I'm home."

But there was no smile or laughter, just silence and stiff shoulders. Twisting around to study Asahi's face, Nishinoya's heart immediately dropped. His eyes had been puffy when leaving that morning, but now they looked worse. Red and raw, his cheeks were stained his tear tracks, his lips cracked and dry. He'd been crying again.

"Asahi, what's wrong? Hey." Tipping his face up and catching his teary brown eyes, Nishinoya felt his anger rising even before Asahi stammered over an answer.

"The RA has a big mouth apparently." He laughed humourlessly. "Everyone in my tute knew about us, and last night." He sniffed, rubbing agitatedly at his eyes, looking away as Nishinoya's embrace tightened. "They were... not kind."

Gritting his teeth as Asahi broken down in a fresh wave of tears, Nishinoya could barely keep from breaking down himself. His stomach felt as if it was on fire, burning in a pit of rage and bubbles deep in his gut.

"Did anybody do anything?" Was that how things worked in college? Could one tell the lecturers? Would retribution come to these people? To those who had hurt his Asahi.

"They were reported, the administrators gave them a warning."

That wasn't enough. A warning? That wouldn't stop them especially for a bully like that RA down the hall. If he was quick enough he could slip away from Asahi without him knowing him and go give that bastard a piece of his mind and maybe his fist.

"It's not worth it." Giving the giant an extra squeeze, Nishinoya buried his face in Asahi's hair, breathing heavily through his nose.

"Probably not, but it'd make me feel a lot better." Laughing quietly, Asahi reached up and touched his face, snuggling in against his touch.

"Please don't, I don't want you to get arrested again." Shaking his head, Nishinoya sighed.

"I won't, but that doesn't mean I have to be happy about it."

Leaning back against Nishinoya's chest, his eye burning and throat sore, the tall boy nuzzled in closer against the warmth the libero offered.

"Will it stop them though?" Shrugging, Asahi spun his chair around, wrapping his arms around Nishinoya's waist before settling his cheek against his stomach.

"I don't know" he admitted sadly, pushing down the sob in his voice. "The admins don't have a lot of power here."

The sickening feeling in his gut rose as he remembered the aggressive, loud response that greeted him as he walked into his suite. Having to deal with that, the slurs and the noise, he'd broken down there and then. And just the thought of having to deal with that every morning at breakfast, each and every shower time or dorms activities. It would kill him.

Small hands touched his face, forcing his head up and catching his eye with a strong stare. Nishinoya looked worried, his face tense and forehead wrinkled as he stroked a soothing hand over his sore eyes and cheeks.

"It's not your fault." The spiker added quickly, coming to the sudden realisation his friend was likely to shoulder all the blame, especially due to his outburst the previous night. "People would have talked anyway, not much stays a secret around here." He didn't sound convincing, he wasn't even sure who he was trying to convince. "It's not your fault."

"It's not yours either." Tucking a small strand of hair back behind the tall boy's ear, Nishinoya tried a small smile. "But what are we going to do?" The uncomfortable nature of the question hung heavy in the air as they held each other. Listening to the gentle thump of Nishinoya's heart close to his ear, Asahi couldn't help but struggle.

"I'll be fine." People had talked behind his back since he'd moved in and this would just add fuel to their chatter. It was nothing new and he'd lived with it since he'd moved, but they were just rumours, this was so much more personal.

"No, you won't be." Nishinoya knew Asahi, knew the way he worked and how he thought. If this was his reaction from one incident, who knew what was likely to occur in the future. Rubbing his nose against Nishinoya's stomach, Asahi could only shrug. He could feel his tears wetting the front of Nishinoya's shirt but couldn't bring himself to care. Having Nishinoya so close and real was the best way to combat his melancholy, especially since he was only staying for a couple more days.

"Hey, please stop crying." Kneeling, Nishinoya tipped his friend's chin up, wiping away his tears with a shaky hand. "It'll be fine." Kissing him quick, Asahi hiccup in surprise at the imitate action. It felt good having Nishinoya so open, it was like a dream. Pushing his negative thoughts aside, Asahi kissed him back, arms slipping under his neck and bringing him closer.

"I will." Because maybe he would be, maybe he could hold on to the

feel and love that Nishinoya offered and it could get him through the nights.

"You want to get some dinner? Get some soda and watch TV." Taking a deep breath, Asahi smiled, standing up and stretching before flopping down on the bed.

"I do, but I don't want to get up." Laughing, Nishinoya hopped up and sorted through the contents of his bag.

"I have a bag of chips and a banana." Reaching out blindly, Asahi grabbed the bag of chips, tearing it open as Nishinoya scoffed down a banana. "I'm going to go and get some noodles, you stay here and relax." Walking to the door, he paused mid step. "Don't think about things too much." Back peddling, he grabbed the TV remote, flicking through the stations before settling on a loud, blaring music station. "Watch this, don't think. Just watch and listen." Rolling over, the bag of chips perched on his chest, Asahi nodded as he munch his chips.

"I can do that."

Smiling over his shoulder, Nishinoya wrenched open the door and strode fearlessly out into the hall. He certainly wasn't looking for trouble, but if trouble was to find him so be it.

Making his way down to the street without meeting a single soul, Nishinoya pounded the pavement, walking circles around the block until his mind was blank and his feet were sore. Exercise always helped him think clearer, and when Asahi was involved his emotions usually got the better of him. But this was important.

Standing at the counter of a udon stall, Nishinoya made a quick order and sat down in the small, uncomfortable stall seating awaiting his meal. Staring at his hands as the clatter and bang of the stove and wok echoed throughout the store, he rubbed his tired eyes. The heat from the overhead oil lamps beamed down on his head, setting his crown almost ablaze as he leaned back in his chair.

He couldn't let Asahi suffer, not this way and not the way he had in the last couple of months. He wasn't happy at campus, he would never be happy there, especially with that bully lording over him. Crossing his feet as he leant back in the small chair, he let out a heavy sigh. Jumping as his order was called out, the walk home made it easy to make up his mind. Things were going to change, so much already had, all for the better and this would be the next step forward.

Jumping through the door with a spring in his step, Nishinoya was thrilled to hear the blaring beat of music still coming from the small TV speakers. Asahi looked much better, bare chested, with the heat of the room high and the chip pack crunched up in the bin. He'd washed his face and brushed out his hair, he looked far elaxed and content, sprawled out on the bed.

"Hey, no trouble?" Pulling out the udon and dishing it out in a hungry, flurried motion, Nishinoya passed the sitting Asahi a plate.

"Nope, feeling better." Smiling as he snapped his chopsticks apart,

Asahi nodded confidently. "Much, thank you."

Slurping his noodles up with a saucy gulp, Nishinoya cocked his head to the side.

"That's okay, you've put me up, the least I can do is dinner being on me." Shaking his head, Asahi pushed his hair out of his eyes, careful not to get any in his food.

"That's not what I meant. I meant about before. And everything." Smiling Nishinoya sought out a bottle of water, sitting back at the desk and thinking over his words.

The happiness in Asahi's smile made it all worth it. Regardless of his previous anxiety, he could still smile, and it made Nishinoya's heart jump.

It also made his decision all the more easier.

"You're welcome, I'd do anything to make you happy."

9. Chapter 9

****Notes:** Brief mention of my OC in this chapter... I just secretly really love Tsukki! He is my moon and stars (I think I'm funny) and I loved adding this in ever so subtly.**

* * *

><p>Leaving Asahi to his classes, Nishinoya took his time walking back to Tia Takoyaki. His mind at been made up since the night before. Heading straight to the shop, determination in his eyes, he knocked on the door regardless of the closed sign and waited until one of the chefs answered. Requesting for Awatia with a polite bow, Nishinoya waited on the chilly street, hands in his pockets.<p>

"Good morning Nishinoya-kun, you're back earlier then I expected." Smiling at the old man as he came through the threshold of the shop, Nishinoya could barely contain his excitement.

"I want the job." Blinking surprise, Awatia laughed at his enthusiasm.

"Good, that's what I wanted to hear." Patting him on the back and looking back to his shop, Awatia waved him inside. "Come through and we'll go over all the formalities, you want the room to?" Speechless Nishinoya nodded.

"Yes please, but can I have a roommate?"

Pausing for a moment, the old storekeeper shook his head.

"Is the rent not cheap enough for you? I can lower it if you want to do some retail work at my wife's stall at the Sunday market." Running a hand through his hair with mild agitated, Nishinoya danced from foot to foot, trying to phase his words with a finesse he did not possess.

"My friend, the one I'm visiting. He's looking for a new place to live at the moment. He's a college student and would be willing to work to, he's really quiet and doesn't make much noise." Humming, the conflict was obvious on Awatia's face as he thought over the request.

"It's only a small room, are you sure two people can live up there?" Nodding eagerly, Nishinoya pointed down the street towards the dorms.

"Not a problem, we've been staying in those campus dorms all week and those are ten times smaller than the apartment."

If Awatia turned him down now, his whole plan would go down the drain. Everything he'd been planning, everything that had kept him awake all last night would be for nothing.

"I'll have to meet this friend. Would he be comfortable with that?" Following the old man through the dark, unopened store and kitchen Nishinoya nodded.

"Of course, thank you." Raising an eyebrow at him Awatia directed him down into a small, cabinet office.

"Don't thank me yet kiddo, I might say no."

Jumping down the front steps of the store, Nishinoya took a big breath before striding down the street. The afternoon sun had taken away the majority of the chill and the clouds were scatter throughout the sky. His duties were simple enough and with the possibility of promotion if he wanted to start working in the kitchens and the apartment was the same as before. Simple, small and furnished it would be perfect, especially if Asahi passed Awatia's interview process.

Turning the corner and stopping in at a small shrine, Nishinoya sat for a quiet moment before patting down his pockets to locate his phone. This job would be all good and well, but there were still factors that would work against them. He still had a job lined up at home and what would his parents says?

Flicking through his contact with delayed and deliberate slowness, Nishinoya's finger lingered over the call button, uncertainty coursing through him. Taking the plunge, he tapped the screen, sitting back on the small garden bench, listening to the dial tone.

"Foothill General Store, how can we be of service?" Grinning Nishinoya resisted the urge to laugh.

"You sound like an old woman, what's with that?" The sound of a raspberry was blown down the speaker so loud Nishinoya was forced to wrench the phone back from his ear.

"You talk a lot of shit Noya, how's Asahi? Have the city boys corrupted him yet?" Smiling as he watched a woman walk by with her dog, Nishinoya blew out a sigh.

"He's alright," he paused. "He's Asahi, so struggling a bit but putting on a brave face. But still country, he'll always be a country

boy."

Falling into a quick conversation with the Ukai was easy. He was friendly and chill enough that Nishinoya was put well at ease after a couple of minutes of small talk and chatter.

"You feeling lonely or something?" Frowning, Nishinoya bounced his feet up and down, getting down to the purpose of his phone call.

"Not really, but real talk now. If I was to tell you I was offered a job down here. Would you think it would be a good idea?"

"Of course" There was no hesitation in Ukai's voice, he was so quick off the mark Not was sure he'd misheard.

"Seriously? Like I should take it?"

"So you were offered a job?" Coming clean with the vague outline of the week's events, Nishinoya was unsure how much to divulge to his coach. It wasn't as if Ukai was that old fashioned and somewhere along the line Nishinoya was sure his clever coach had cottoned to their relationship, but that didn't mean it made it any less embarrassing.

"There must be something in the water with you kids this week." Scowling as he thought over the odd nature of the comment, Nishinoya waited until he heard the exhale of what was doubtless a cigarette on the other end of the line. "So your plan is simple, take the job, bail Asahi out, live together happily ever after. Does that right?" Snorting, Nishinoya shrugged.

"Yeah I suppose. If my folks okay it."

"You're eighteen years old kid, your parents don't own shit." Rolling his eyes, Nishinoya hopped off the benched and began to walk along the path bedside the small park behind the shrine.

"Says the man who works at his mother's store." The soft tisking echoing through the phone was enough indication of what his coach thought of snark remarks.

"Just remember that this is your life, take the opportunity to get out and see the world a bit. Live dangerous, live for you." Smiling at Ukai's poetic words, Nishinoya mind was made up.

"I will, thank you." Pausing hear to the quiet, satisfied grunt on the end of the line, Nishinoya waited for his coach's reply.

"You're welcome. And don't worry about your job back here or anything." A wave of guilt washed over him in a hot and cold flush, enough that the lib physically stopped in his tracks.

"Yeah I'm sorry about that-"

"Don't be. It worked out pretty well actually." Turning the corner and looping back towards the college dorms, Nishinoya frowned.

"Why? Didn't want to put up with me for the year?" Teasing him with small chuckle, Nishinoya heard a snort come through the phone.

"Not going to lie, it sounds a bit like hell. But no Tsukishima needs a job so I can offer him yours now."

"What?" Slipping through a crowd of people on the street, Nishinoya was sure he'd misheard. "Tsukishima? The high and mighty Tsukishima needs a job? Surely rich mummy and daddy have his back."

"Not everything is so simple." The serious tone coming from Ukai put an awkward dampener on the conversation. Waiting patiently at the traffic lights, Nishinoya cleared his throat before approaching the situation from a different angle.

"Well I'm just glad I could be off help. And thanks, you know for the chance and everything."

"You're alright, just don't waste it okay? Make the most out of it, for both of you guys." Blushing as he entered the dorm foyer, Nishinoya bid his coach good bye before jumping up the stairs two at a time. Happy to find a tearless and relaxed Asahi relaxing in bed, Nishinoya leaped atop the tall boy with a graceful dive.

"I have good news."

"Oh you saw as well." Raising an eyebrow, Nishinoya sat back on Asahi's hips.

"What?" Laughing Asahi passed the small man his phone, the blue and white of Facebook staring back him. Eyes roaming over the small text on screen, Nishinoya couldn't hold back the chorus of laughter that bubbled forth.

****Kei Tsukishima and Mesuke Uehara added a life event - Expecting a baby. Due May 16 th .****

Falling in beside Asahi, his side hurting from laughter, Nishinoya scanned through the comments with interest.

"Well that suddenly makes a world of sense." Taking back his phone before Nishinoya could comment with anything nasty under his profile, Asahi rolled over to face him.

"You knew something?"

"Just something coach said before, speaking of which." Sitting up, Nishinoya took a deep breath before taking Asahi's hand in his own. "I've been thinking." Humming Asahi squeezed his hand gently, his fingers rubbing little circles on the undersides of his wrists.

"Same." Smiling, Nishinoya nodded.

"Yeah, we should start thinking about having a baby as well." Laughing in unison, Asahi nudged him gently.

"I'm serious, and don't be like that. Tsukishima is probably shitting himself." Running a hand through his hair, Nishinoya fluffed up his crown to buy himself some time.

"Somehow I don't think so. He's working the Foothills store with

Ukai. He got my job." Making a small noise of understanding, Asahi smiled.

"Well that worked out well for them. So what you're going to be sharing shifts?"

"Yeah..." Drawing out the conversation wasn't working so well any more, and changing the subject would have just been rude, it was crunch time. "So I was thinking..." Pausing to take a breath, Nishinoya took in Asahi's smiling face and the weight of the world lifted off his shoulders. "I'm taking the job, with Awatia at the takoyaki shop and I'm moving in to that apartment and you need to come with me."

Blinking in surprise, Asahi shook his head, opening his mouth and closing it like a stunned fish.

"But what about the job at Foothills?" Shrugging Nishinoya went over his phone call with the coach, his amused discovery about Tsukishima and his interview with Awatia. Sitting up off the bed with a sluggish step up, Asahi held his head in his hands, thinking over Nishinoya's plan.

"You want to just up and leave and go do this and move out, like now. What about your things? Your parents will pitch a fit, my parents will pitch a fit." Feeling a dull ache beginning to enter his head, he flopped back on the bed. "You can't be serious."

Setting his jaw with a stubborn nod, Nishinoya put on his most serious of faces.

"I am, it'll work. Come on, isn't this what you wanted? What you were talking about the last time." Wincing, Asahi hid his face behind his hands. Because it was exactly what he'd wanted, exactly what he'd purposed to Nishinoya back then on the roof. He couldn't go back on it now, especially as Nishinoya was being so serious and so sure.

"It was" he said slowly, choosing his words carefully, "but are you sure? This is a big thing."

"I know." Crossing his legs, Nishinoya rocked back and forth on the bed. "And I am sure." He paused looking to Asahi with amber eyes suddenly unsure. "Don't you want me to stay?" Back peddling quickly, Asahi let his hand rest on Nishinoya's knee, stilling him as his rocking became too insistent.

"Of course I do, but I don't want you staying here just because of me."

"Why not?" Leaning over the bed, Nishinoya stole a quick kiss from his lips with record speed. "I don't want you to feel sad or mistreated or anything. And I haven't been there for you since you left and I don't want you to suffer any more. And I miss you and-." Clearing his throat, Nishinoya felt his cheeks radiating heat as he pushed on with his confession. "And I love you, so don't be sad and just say yes."

Pinned to his spot, Asahi could only blink, feeling his stomach flip flop at Nishinoya's words. He'd just said love hadn't he, love? Most

unmanly love and for him? He didn't mean to, but it was either laugh or cry.

"Don't laugh at me!" Growling at him with a look that could kill, Nishinoya pushed his hand away. "I'll laugh at you, sissy." Covering his mouth as a chorus of chuckles threatened to spill from his lips, the tall boy took a deep breath before reaching out to the libero, pulling him into a rib breaking hug.

"I'm not laughing at you, I'm just a little overwhelmed." Sitting back to smile down at his small lover, his heart pounding Asahi nodded his head with sudden clarity. "Alright, we'll do it."

Smiling, eyes wide and shinning Nishinoya clung to the front of Asahi's shirt with tight fists.

"Really? You're sure?" He wasn't, but Nishinoya didn't need to know that and with the hope gleaming so brightly in his eye.

"Yes, let's do this." Whooping with excitement, Nishinoya quickly became sedate as he thought back to his interview with Awatia.

"You have to meet Awatia first though, but you'll be fine, everyone likes you. You only pay by the week here yeah?" He did, but couldn't remember telling Nishinoya that, but that wasn't surprising, it was just the kind of person Nishinoya was. Nodding he watched Nishinoya jump up and stretch, a spring in his step as he did. "Excellent, everything falling into place." Grinning he pulled out his phone and sat down at the desk.

"Calling your parents?" Nodding, Nishinoya put his feet up on the desk, holding his phone between his cheek and shoulder.

"You should do the same, I'm sure they'll be thrilled to find out you're going to living with me." Chuckling softly as Nishinoya started up the conversation with his mother, Asahi lay back against the bed, fiddling with his own phone and trying to draw up the courage to give his own parents the news. He doubted they'd mind, ever since high school Nishinoya had been seen as some what of a positive influence on him and they'd been pleased with that, and now would be no different. Closing his eyes and listening to Nishinoya's chatter, Asahi felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from his chest, leaving him able to breath easy for the first time in months.

Hanging up with a final promise to collect his rent invoices, Asahi let out a heavy sigh, feeling exhausted all of a sudden. His parents were supportive of his move, especially with the price of rent being cut dramatically, Nishinoya was just an added bonus. Laying back against Nishinoya's risen knees, he blocked the small boy's view of the TV, receiving a nudge in the back in retaliation.

"They seemed cool with it all. You still feeling okay about everything?" He sounded nervous, more nervous then Nishinoya usually ever did and it tugged at his heartstrings to hear the usually boisterous boy so worried.

"Of course," and it wasn't a lie. The shock of Nishinoya's proposal had worn off now, especially since he'd spoke to his parents. Going

over his plans out loud, hearing the joy in his own voice mirroring Nishinoya's made him feel one hundred percent sure that their plans were achievable and not as foolish as he'd first thought.

"Good." Pushing on Asahi's shoulders and forcing him lower than the television screen, Nishinoya made a pleased noise as his viewing went undisturbed. "Thank you, for everything." Humming as he folded himself over the edge of bed, trying in vain to find a more comfortable position, Asahi gave up as he glanced over his shoulder at his friend.

"You're welcome." Shuffling down the bed, his cheek flushing bright red, the tall boy licked his lips nervously. "I should be the one thanking you." Rolling onto his stomach as he slipped off the bed with the grace of a big cat, Asahi smiled. "My hero."

Blowing him off, Nishinoya patted the mattress beside, beckoning the other boy up the bed.

"I think I have that on a shirt." Scoffing, Asahi scrambled up the bed, nuzzling in close as Nishinoya thought over his T-shirt collection in depth.

"Some how I wouldn't be surprised." Settling down into the quiet warmth beside his friend, Asahi pushed his face into the pillow, inhaling the mingling scent of his shampoo and Nishinoya's hair gel. Everything was going to be okay.

10. Chapter 10

****Notes:** Final chapter yay! I have such an uncanny ability to finish multi chapter fics smack on ten chapters. So much love for this pairing so I hope I've managed to do it justice without butchering it. I hope you've enjoyed and I look forward to HQ! Season Two. Much thanks**

* * *

><p>Awatia was as understanding as Nishinoya had hoped and without a moments hesitation the old man had been all too willing to take the extra boy in.<p>

"You can help my wife at her stall. A big, strong boy like you will do well." Beaming happily as they walked the stairs up to their new apartment, Asahi resisted the urge to grab Nishinoya's hand. This wasn't the time and with their new land lord so observant it would be too great a risk, especially for their first meeting. A week ago he wouldn't have been so wary, but now the taunts and slurs from his dorm mates still ringing fresh in his ears, his hands stayed glued to his side. Stepping up onto the top of stair, he inspected the walkway that fanned out onto a small flight with only three doors along it's length.

"There's only one futon up here at the moment, you'll have to bring your own I think." Opening the door directly in front of them, the old man let them pair pass through and into their new home. Asahi took in the room with silent excitement. It was perfect, small and maybe a little cramped, but it was just what he'd secretly envisioned it would be like. The single studio apartment was fitted with a tiny

kitchen and equally small bathroom off to the side. There was no bath, but he'd dealt with that easily enough for the last year and this would be no different. The small table in the centre of the room was framed by a tiny television stand to the left and the linen of a single futon to the right.

"You'll manage well enough for tonight if you're dedicated to stay." Passing Nishinoya the key with an unsteady, sun spotted hand, Awatia sighed. "I hope it'll suit you well. Take some time to look around now if you like." Pointing a finger at Nishinoya, the elder smiled slowly. "But you're first shift starts tomorrow at six am, we're going to the fish markets. So don't party too hard tonight, I need you fighting fit for tomorrow."

"Yes sir." Saluting with a dramatic flourish Nishinoya waited until his new boss had closed the door and exited down the stairs, chuckling as he did. Turning to Asahi with a smile, Nishinoya leaped up into his arms, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet as he clutched the boy closer. "This is so cool. What do you think? Your TV will fit perfectly on the stand and my limited edition Gari Gari Kun gundum can sit right here. And we should probably get a plant." Speechless as Nishinoya's chatter continued, Asahi looked around with amazement. He could see it all now, where everything would fit, where he would fit. The bathroom doorway was a little small and he could already tell there was a few knocked heads and bumped elbows to come in the future. But the small shower and basin was enough for the two of them, with enough squeezing and some creativity, he didn't doubt they could even share a shower together.

Blushing to his ear tips at the thought, Asahi moved around the table, checking out the space they had for their futon. It would be a tight squeeze, but they could certainly fit a double in there. Sitting down with a soft grunt, the spiker sat stiffly at the table, his mind conjuring up image after image. Nishinoya standing at that cute little sink, staring out over the crumbling tiles to the cloudy window and street. His fluffy hair passing through as he came in from the bathroom, all damp and flushed from his shower. The sleeping space behind them would probably always be messy, Nishinoya had an incredibly bad habit of leaving his bed messy and unmade. This bed would doubtless end in the same manner and no matter how many times Asahi would try to correct it, he knew the younger man would be too set in his ways.

"Hello, Earth to Asahi, do you read me?" Physically jumping back to reality, Asahi blushed as Nishinoya bopped him on the nose. "Thought I'd lost you for a second there. Are you okay? Do you like the room?" In a sudden moment of realisation, Asahi pulled Nishinoya down onto the bed for a hug, his silence had been taken for anxiety, but nothing could be further from the truth.

"Thank you for this, thank you so much. It's perfect." Wiggling around to get comfortable in his embrace, Nishinoya let out a chuckle.

"I knew you'd like it. And don't worry, everything is going to be okay now. I promise."

The air was too hot inside the small apartment, much like dorm rooms, but worse because of the size and added heat of the stove.

"We need to open a window!" Dashing across the small room with glee, Nishinoya threw down his bag before pulling open the side window above the sink open. "Much better" he exclaimed, standing back and grinning at a struggling Asahi. Hampered by a ton of luggage and boxes, the tall spiker looked anything but comfortable. "You're not having second thoughts are you?" Shaking his head Asahi gently set down his boxes, looking around for somewhere to put his bags.

"Nope, not at all, I'm just a little..." Making an airy hand gesture, he shrugged. "I'm just happy to be here with you." Feeling the tips of his ears burn red, Nishinoya waved him off. "Don't get so lovely dovey, it'll just be a great new start away from all those dickheads."

Sitting down at the small table with a small sigh, Asahi leant his chin on his hand, watching Nishinoya fluttered around the apartment with mildly contained excitement. He remembered first moving down to Koyto, with the joy of moving away from home and finding a whole level of freedom. He could have that all with Nishinoya now, watch his growth and enjoyment with plenty of smiles and love.

"Well you look like you're about to cry, please don't." Smiling, Asahi stretched and looked towards the mountains of bags that needed unpacking, ignoring his boyfriend's comment.

"I'm won't, promise. There's still a heap of stuff to come from my dorm and from your place, are we going to have enough space?" Flopping down beside his friend with a quiet huff, Nishinoya patted his head with a gentle hand.

"We'll be fine" leaning in close, he caught Asahi's lips in a small kiss. "Promise." Unable to keep the blush from his cheeks, the tall boy licked his lips, feeling the lingering heat of the Lib's heat on his face with a small shiver.

Dinner was a quiet affair, free takoyaki from the new landlords and with Asahi's small TV blazing in the background, it made for a homely setting. Sitting back with a burp, Nishinoya licked his lips with relish, glancing over at Asahi with a small smile. He looked happy, warm and loose, slumped down in mass of pillows and blankets. His hair was free and long, tuned into the noise and light of the television with bored interest, he looked the picture of contented bliss. This felt good, right, far better than it had in that cramped little dorm room. Glancing towards the rolled up futon with anticipation, Nishinoya took a deep breath and attempted to ignore the flood of arousal that shot through him. Just because it had happened before didn't mean it would happen again. He knew Asahi, knew the way the boy ticked, his worries and fears. If he pushed him too far too quickly, there would be panic and Nishinoya would lose him immediately and after taking such a big step, he couldn't risk it.

"You ready for bed?" Yawning, Asahi stretched in his makeshift nest, craning his neck to the side to look at Nishinoya for confirmation. Licking his lips with a nervous smile Nishinoya nodded, standing up far too quickly.

"Yeah sure, if you want." Pulling out the futon and laying it flat against the floor, Nishinoya tried to calm his pounding heart. If he was worrying this much, what was Asahi thinking? He needed to remain

calm.

"Yuu," pausing his rapid mattress unrolling Nishinoya looked up into Asahi's sleepy smile, complete with blanket cape and pillow in hand. "It's okay, relax."

He must have looked a mess, enough that the nervous wreck of an ace had noticed. Digging his hands into the squishy foam of the mattress, the small man took a deep breath. Feeling the comfortable give of the foam against his palms wasn't as nice as a volleyball but it helped. If Asahi was picking up on his nerves, he must have been radiating concern.

"I know," he started, finishing his mattress rolling as Asahi dumped a heap blanket atop his shoulders. "Just making sure the bed is all set." He wasn't fooling anyone, especially as Asahi began to strip, casting his clothes aside with ease. He looked good. Stuffy and closed in as the apartment was, the heat from the restaurant had now left the room warm enough that stripping down wasn't an uncomfortable chore. Not that stripping Asahi could ever be considered a chore. As the long shirt hit the floor with a soft thump, Nishinoya could only sit back on his heels and take in the majesty that was Asahi Azume.

He was tall, built and strong enough to be called an ace, an all powerful spiker, leading their team to victory. Now he just looked like a man, a powerful, tall man with perfectly built thigh and biceps. Feeling as though he should give the other man some privacy as he stripped off his pants and boxers, Nishinoya stared at the opposite wall, pondering if he should get naked under the sheets and join his friend.

"You're more skittish than usual." Falling back against the bed, hands behind his head, Asahi tried to hide the glee in his voice. "Nervous?" It was cold day in hell when Asahi was making fun of him. Pulling off his shirt and kicking off his pants, Nishinoya dived quickly beneath the blankets, turning off the lights in the process.

"No just tired." Laying back awkwardly, he knew that was a lie and Asahi knew it.

"We don't have to, you know." Remembering back to the previous nights and their scattered, nocturnal activities made the tall boy blush. "We can just enjoy our first night together."

That sounded nice, it was nice and yet as he rolled over, facing his back towards Asahi, Nishinoya couldn't help the ripple of arousal that ran through him. It was just having him so close, so real and alone. There was no noise from outside least the small traffic buzzing around in the late night hours and the quiet breathing from the pair of them. He should just leave it, force down his steadily growing boner and just enjoy the moment. Share this moment with his fragile ace, untainted and pure, like real adults not horny like school boys.

"Yuu," he hadn't felt Asahi roll towards him, but the warmth of his body wrapped around his frame with a small nuzzle made him shiver. It felt nice, especially as the giant pulled the blankets away and spooned in closer. The skin on skin felt electric, especially with

Asahi's arms looping around his waist and dragging him in closer still. "Do you want to... I mean we don't have to, but do you want to?" It was adorable listening to Asahi babble, but with the jut against his back growing and the heat between his own legs throbbing, Nishinoya found he just did not have the patience.

"Sex?" Snaking his hand around his head to touch the tall man's face in the darkness, Nishinoya smiled as he made contact with Asahi's hair. "That's what you're trying to say right?" Clearing his throat as his face flared hot, the spiker nodded, curling around Nishinoya's body as the small boy pulled his hair hard and rolled his hips backward. "Say it." Tensing at Nishinoya's request, Asahi shook his head, burying face deeper into the lib's neck.

"I...don't think I can." Grinning at the distress in his tone, Nishinoya slipped from his embrace before capturing the tall boy in his own arms.

"Of course you can." Leaning up and stealing a kiss, Nishinoya grinned wildly, enjoying his friend's discomfort far too much. "I need to hear it."

This was just cruel. Nishinoya had been so distant and jumpy all night, Asahi was sure this was his moment to shine. To tease the un-shifting guardian and take charge like the adult his ID said he was. But of course Nishinoya had changed the playing field. The minute he showed any sign of weakness the lib would have him on his knees in a second. Now he was somehow being smothered with kisses with the smaller man working hard to make him pant.

"Say it," Nishinoya urged again, nipping at his ears with a quick bite and gentle lick. "Say it." Squirming against the futon mattress, Asahi shook his head, biting his lip as spikes of pleasure jumped through his system.

"I can't."

"You can," sitting up on his knees, Nishinoya smiled down at his flustered boyfriend, his Asahi. The sheet had slipped off during their tussle but with the warmth of the room coupled with his soaring temperature neither had noticed. He looked so good, the semi darkness helped to highlight the tones and strength in his figure, Asahi was beautiful and Nishinoya hoped he to could see it. Brushing a long strand of hair from the tall boy's eyes, the lib tucked it expertly behind his ear, leaving his fingers trailing down the cut and slope of the other man's face. "I know you want to say it." Tapping a finger along Asahi's pouting lip, Nishinoya chuckled. "You wouldn't have jumped me if you didn't want it. Why don't you just admit it." Leaning down slowly and with purpose, the small man took his lips with a deep kiss, pulling back only slightly to catch his bottom lip with quick teeth and suck hard. The noise that came from the spiker was barely human, laced with such heat and canal intention Nishinoya felt his cock jump at the sound. "Say it."

Back arching off the mattress as his lip stung and swelled, Asahi felt his head spin. It was on the tip of his tongue, he'd thought about it a million times before, why couldn't he just make his mouth work? Because it was too real now, because once he said it there was no going back. What if he wasn't good enough? What if he fumbled at it so bad Nishinoya just gave up on him? And they never tried again

and everything fell apart and all because he didn't do something right.

"You're thinking too loudly." Staring up at Nishinoya's shadow, Asahi was glad for the lack of lighting, there was no way he could look his friend in the eye, not when he was panicking so much. "I just need to hear you say yes." Heart skipping a beat, Asahi cocked his head to the side. That was certainly a change of pace. Hands previously still at his side reached up and touched the shadowed outline of Nishinoya's face. "I just need to know you're okay with what we're doing." His heart felt like it would burst, overflow with happiness and just keep flowing. Nishinoya was always looking out for him and now was no exception.

"Yes" his voice sounded hoarse, rough but Nishinoya heard it. He must have because one minute he was leaning over him, the next he was at his neck, kissing and suckling the still tender flesh with renewed vigour.

"Say it again." Laughing breathlessly, Asahi let his hand run along the length of Nishinoya's naked spine, feeling the buck and hitch of his breath at each touch.

"Why? You already have my permission." Pushing down the sheets and straddling Asahi's bare hips, Nishinoya couldn't help but grin. Rocking back and forth on his perch and revelling in the short, quick inhales coming from the man beneath him, the lib bent down over his shuddering figure.

"Because" he said, scattering kisses across Asahi's broad chest and torso. "It sounds really hot when you're asking for it." Laughing Asahi ran his hands through Nishinoya's crest of hair with barely contained desire.

"Yes" he said, keeping his voice low out of habit rather than necessity. "Yes please."

Kissing over the pebbled nub of Asahi's nipple, Nishinoya flicked out his tongue in a split second decision and was immediately reward with a sharp tugging at his hair and a small moan. Repeating the motion with suction, he grinned as Asahi moaned. It was a small success and as he moved on downwards, the noise of pleasure grew in volume.

Sliding down low to the tall boy's torso, Nishinoya scrapped his nails down the side of his friend's hips, watching him jump and hiss at the contact. Kissing over the reddening marks left in their wake, Nishinoya felt Asahi tense as the sheet dropped lower and his arousal was exposed.

"You getting shy?" That'd be adorable, they'd seen each other naked enough times that surely it couldn't be such a concern. But with Asahi it was hard to tell, especially as the dark hid a lot of his nervous ticks and gestures.

"A little," came the admission, quiet and laboured. It had been easy the other night, he'd managed to keep his pants on, but now naked and exposed there was no hiding.

"You shouldn't be." Leaning down over the giant's restlessly twisting

hips, Nishinoya licked over the nail marks with long lingering licks. "I promise I'll be gentle." Light teasing was always a good way to open Asahi up and make him somewhat more comfortable. And as bubble of a laughter passed his lips, Nishinoya knew it was working.

Dropping sloppy kisses over the taller boy's hip bones, Nishinoya sucked deep red marks, bruises mirroring that on his lover's neck. Marring the creamy skin with barely contained desire, Nishinoya refused to give Asahi a moment to process this touch before taking his cock to his lips and sucking. The sensation was intense and for a second the ace's mind blanked as a rush of speechless rapture crashed over him. It was a second too late before he realised the tingly burst of orgasm overloaded him.

"I'm sorry," raising his knees up as his back arched, Asahi almost tasted blood as Nishinoya struggled to keep himself from laughing.

"Let me guess, that's never happened before? Loose words for a guy that creamed his pants dry humping." Huffing unhappily, Asahi inspected the mess across his stomach.

"I didn't mean to, I mean-" he paused, looking around for something to clean up with. "I've never really done this before." Handing him a box of tissues and putting him out of his misery, Nishinoya sat back on his heels, wiping a discreet hand across his chin as he did.

"I just must be that good then." Dodging the tissue box tossed at him, the small man laid down beside his large partner. "You're doing fine" he said, brushing hair from his lover's face as he spooned a pouting Asahi from behind. "You're doing better than fine." Kissing him with a small lick at the end thrown in for good measure, Nishinoya rolled his hips against Asahi's backside. "You're doing a really good job," listening to the quick inhale and shiver that followed Nishinoya smiled. "Can you feel how good you're doing?" That was a stupid question. His light headedness coupled with an almost uncomfortable throb from between his thighs was indication enough, and Asahi could surely feel it to.

"You still want to do it" Fighting down the loud yes that almost slipped from his lips, Nishinoya nodded seriously.

"Oh yes, but only if you want to." He added quickly, watching Asahi roll over flat on his back.

"Yes," his tone was sure but Nishinoya wasn't convinced.

"It's okay if we don't, we have forever to actually..." he fumbled on the actual word itself and felt stupid and young. "If you don't want to have sex that's fine. We don't have to."

"But I want to." Swallowing thickly, Nishinoya took a deep breath.

"Well if you're sure..." Reaching out blindly, Asahi took his friend's hand with shaky fingers and touched it to his own body. Trailing the soft, small hand down his lower back, he paused before reaching the cleft of his ass. Feeling his hesitation, Nishinoya shuffled closer, wrapping his arms more snugly around the tall boy's

middle.

"Do you know how we're supposed to...?" Blushing to the tips of his ears, Nishinoya shrugged.

"A little yeah," he'd seen some videos, plus thing he'd picked up online, but nothing he thought he would actually ever use, especially with Asahi.

"I have some lube and stuff, the college gives them out at events and stuff." It was comforting to hear the older boy struggling in much the same manner.

"That's a good start," brushing his hand down over the taunt lobes of Asahi's ass, Nishinoya kissed him softly. "Just take it slow, we're in no rush."

Nodding dumbly as his heart pounded hard in his chest, Asahi shakily got to his knees, crawling over Nishinoya to reach one of his unopened boxes. Returning with hands full, he pondered for a moment on turning on the light but immediately rejected the idea, dubbing it far too embarrassing. Dumping the contents on the bed beside his small friend, Asahi suddenly felt very unsure. What happened now? Did Nishinoya know? Porn wasn't a great teacher when it came to things like this.

"Deep breath," jumping as Nishinoya spoke and knelt before him, Asahi heeded his words, licking his lips before moving to nuzzle against the lib's neck and taking a lung full of air.

"I don't know what I'm doing," there must have been a sob in his voice, because arms slide up and around his shoulders, holding him tight.

"It's fine, don't get so worked up about it." Soothing words helped to calm his raging anxiety as a hand tipped his chin up. It was hard to see anything beyond the small spiky outline of Nishinoya's hair, but as every second or third car passed their apartment window the glare from the lights would splash across the room and illuminate its contents, including the copper gems of Nishinoya's eyes. Smiling as relief washed over him, Asahi pushed a small packet of lube into his boyfriend's hands,.

"This is what we need to do first."

Tearing open the packet and feeling the cold, wet contents spill out over his hands, Nishinoya warmed the lube between his hands. Getting the feel of the sticky wetness before moving towards Asahi. Kneeling meekly before him, the tall boy offered his hands in an almost dejected gesture. Frowning Nishinoya, cocked his head to the side.

"What are you doing?" Jumping a little, Asahi pulled his hands back quickly, shrugging.

"I thought you were giving me the lube. Like squeezing it out." His frown deepening Nishinoya hopped up and flicked on the light with his nose, hands still incapacitated.

"Why would I do that- Oh. Did you want to?" Pointing behind his back,

the small man couldn't but laugh as Asahi retreated under the sheets, the tips of his ears adorably pink.

"Well I'm bigger, I'm supposed to aren't I?" Laughing, Nishinoya almost smack a sticky hand to his head in false frustration.

"I don't think there's any rules to it." Sitting down, the light remaining on regardless of Asahi's misgivings, Nishinoya kissed the tip of his nose. "Do you want to be on top?" Shaking his head with a certainty Nishinoya had yet to see this evening, he sat back on his heels. Searching out the second packet of lube, his slippery fingers struggled to tear the foil wrapping. "Good."

Grinning as Asahi went all stiff and rolled over, the small boy elbowed off the sheet, taking in Asahi's board back and slender hips. "You're sure?"

"Much surer now." Chuckling, Nishinoya pressed a kiss to his tense shoulder blade, before sliding expertly down the bed. "Wait, turn the light off first." The panic in his tone was enduring at best, but now was not the time to be giving into Asahi's anxieties.

"I need to see what I'm doing." Kissing the back of his neck softly, Nishinoya blew gently in the ace's ear. "Relax, it's alright." Listening to his lover take a shaky breath, Asahi pushed his face deeper into his pillow.

The feeling of Nishinoya so close, the heat of his skin, his knuckles skimming over his back and the dip and curve of his spine was working him seamlessly into a second round. But when the cold, wet tip of the lib's fingers ran along the valley of his ass, the yelp was uncontrollable. "Should I stop?" Taking a deep breath and shaking his head, Asahi licked his lips before managing to speak.

"I'll tell you if I want you to stop, otherwise just keep going." Pleased by his resolve, Nishinoya went ahead, drawing upon all his research and knowledge. It wasn't much, but as he continued, the noises from Asahi became less frequent and his body slowly became limp and floppy. Prying gently as he went, Nishinoya felt sweat drip down his back as his nerves and anticipation intensified. He'd done this to himself maybe a handful of times, but this was different, this was Asahi and he was fragile, so fragile and it made his heart race with caution. Pressing gently with the tips of his fingers, the shiver that ran along the giant was visible as he pressed harder and pushed beyond the tight ring of muscle.

"Too much?" Rubbing his nose against the pillow and trying hard not to reject the foreign feeling inside him, Asahi huffed.

"It's fine, keep going." Blushing as he laid down in a better position, Nishinoya let the lube in his palm run down against his fingers. Moving ever so slightly and gauging the tall boy's reaction, the lib continued his preparation, adding a second finger only when Asahi become slack and accepting. The ache between his thighs was intensifying and when he confirmed that Asahi wasn't crying but in fact whimpering in pleasure, he had to stop and assess himself.

"I'm sorry, was that not right?" Waving him off as the spiker looked over his shoulder with big, worried eyes, Nishinoya took a heavy breath.

"It's perfect." Pausing he touched Asahi's shoulder, rolling him flat on his back. "You're perfect." Straddling his hips, cock bouncing as the long haired man twisted and squirmed beneath him, Nishinoya kissed him deeply. Rolling his hips against the length of his lover's cock, the small man sat back between Asahi's legs, prompting his knees to rise with a gentle tickle. "You ready?" A frantic look suddenly passed over his the ace's features at the question but resettled quickly.

"Of course." Going to roll over onto his stomach, Asahi was suddenly pinned to the mattress. Small, nimble hands at his shoulders with slender, strong legs over his thighs. Leaning his forehead to the taller man's with a deliberate slowness, Nishinoya stared deep into Asahi's dark, chocolate gaze.

"I want to see you." Blushing, his cheeks hot and flushed, the spiker could only nod. The intensity and heat behind the smaller man's eyes put to rest any fear he'd previously been holding onto. Settling back, Nishinoya searched out the final small packet of lube, squeezing out its contents over his cock and smear it thoroughly up and down the length.

Glancing up to watch his boyfriend perch over his hips, fisting his cock, glistening with pre cum and lube, Asahi almost came at the sight alone. And as his small boy, cock in hand lined the slicked length up to his hole, the giant focused his body to relax, to become willing and accepting as Nishinoya pushed forward. Sinking down inch by inch, the lib watched the tremor in Asahi's long legs least he suddenly flinch in pain. Instead as he stilled, cock buried hilt deep, his lover actually spread his legs wider, wiggling around at the intrusion.

Waiting to for some kind of singal to move, Nishinoya moaned as Asahi arched off the mattress slowly, pulling him in deeper before sliding back out. Rolling waves of pleasure coursed through his veins enough that the tall boy was seeing stars. Crying out as Nishinoya's nail racked down his chest, Asahi couldn't help but push up against the small boy. Their heights made the position awkward, Asahi's knees kept catching Nishinoya's shoulders and the small boy continued to slip forward. But it didn't matter, not Nishinoya was being to pulled back and pushed forward. The grace and pressure of his movement was mind blowing and the approaching overflow was so close to boiling over.

"Yuu..." Biting his lip as tears streamed from the corners of his eyes, Asahi pushed his head back against the pillow, loosing all sense of time and rhyme as Nishinoya struggled to reach his lips. Kissing along his jaw, down his chest and nipping none to gently at his nipples, Nishinoya almost growled as the lanky angel beneath him moaned and latched large hands onto his hips.

"Faster? You want me to go faster?" Laughing breathlessly as Asahi nodded furiously but stumbled over his words. Nishinoya flinched suddenly, feeling him buck and curse.

"Too much?" He asked breathless, hands jumping to the tall boy's shoulders for stability. Shaking his head, hair tussled against the pillow, Asahi's rose as an arch off the mattress at an almost painful angle.

"No," he panted. "Need...more." Pausing mid sentence as a sharp twist and thrust from Nishinoya had him seeing stars, Asahi made an unmistakable noise of pleasure. "Oh, that again." Grinning as his hips snapped forward, Nishinoya was filled with such a growing need and desire. Asahi was so tight and so close. There was nothing separating them now, not like there had been for the last year. They were together now and everything was right with the world.

"Yuu," the hands at his hips gripped harder as Asahi's brown eyes stared up at ceiling, dazed and half lidded. "I'm...close." Of course he was, the small man almost scoffed.

"I haven't even touched you yet." Running a hand down the gentle slope of the ace's chest and torso and pausing at the apex of his thighs to encircle them thick length of his cock, Nishinoya grinned.

"No, no. Too soon." Shushing the fussing giant with a small kiss. Nishinoya licked his lips eagerly, feeling the sweat run down his back as the hold on Asahi's cock tightened.

"Well we'll just have to go again." Rolling his hips with each flick of his wrist, the lib made his words count, timing each syllable and thrust perfectly. "And again, and again and again until you're satisfied it doesn't finish too soon." Emphasising his point with a single hard, long, linger thrust Nishinoya cried out a harsh moan of pleasure as he spilled deep inside his lover. Hands tremble he tried in vain to maintain his pace, coming apart as his over cock sensitive forced him from Asahi's embrace. The sudden hot, wet heat coating his palm had his head up and piercings eyes staring down the tall boy with a fierce intensity.

"Asahi." Chest heaving, eyes shut, head thrown back against the pillow, the spiker looked a hot mess.

It was all too much. A complete sensory over load that had left him feeling weak, helpless and so very very satisfied.

"You okay?" Nishinoya was there in a second, hands touching his knees, the skin on skin settling his over fried system and trembling body.

"I think you broke me." Nishinoya's laughter was so loud and sharp it made him jump. But as the small man crawled up the bed, he managed to take a deep breath and start to relax.

Rolling onto his back, chest heaving as his heart felt fit to burst, Nishinoya gathering the limp Asahi into his arms with a careful squeeze and let out another loud crackle.

"My god, Asahi. That was..." he struggled for words. Dragging his fingers through the tall boy's long, sweaty hair, the lib felt his eyelids begin to drop with exhaustion. "Thank you." Squirming against his collarbone, nose tucked gently under Nishinoya's chin, Asahi took a deep breath.

"Don't thank me, that's just strange." Tugging his hair to scold him lightly, Nishinoya settled down quietly, humming happily as the world slowly faded into darkness.

"You're strange, sleep now." Mumbling some small incoherent noise, the spiker was lulled quietly into slumber by the beat of Nishinoya's heart.

"You're...strange. Love you."

End
file.